

# KNIGHT

THE MAGAZINE FOR THE ADULT MALE / VOLUME 3 / ISSUE NUMBER 8 / ONE DOLLAR

DELUSION FOR A DRAGON SLAYER - a story by HARLAN ELLISON



also - John Steinbeck / Jacques-Yves Cousteau / Brian W. Aldiss



Brown-haired, blue-eyed  
lovely April O'Brien makes  
with her 37-23-35  
high voltage as she relaxes  
in her husband's





## KNIGHT

VOLUME 5 / ISSUE NUMBER 6

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"I'M A HIGH-LIVER," says beautiful Anne Besant of Hollywood, "a believer in the finer things of life—such as doing what you want, when you want to do it, and with whomever you damn well please." / A nice philosophy for such a gorgeous creature, who considers the most interesting person she ever met to be, "The most recent man that I've fallen in love with..." And more, she practices what she preaches. / Last year, and in less time than it takes to say it, she "up and left" for Europe, just to "see how they lived." After touring France, Spain, and Italy, she's back in Hollywood—to take up her acting career. If the flick-producers have anything on the ball, she won't be idle long.

## LIFE IS FOR THE LIVING



*Sleek 35-22-33 Anne Besant  
does what she wants...*











The American Eve is the most emancipated female in history—but she stands in grave danger of emancipating herself right out of business!

THE AMERICAN WOMAN, by her own admission, is the kindest, smartest (chic-wise), most intelligent, healthiest, richest, tallest, best-dressed, most-worshipped, most-pampered female on the face of the globe. God and Good Housekeeping watch over her home. Santa Claus, Cupid and the Easter bunny are solely in her corner.

Thus wrote the late Robert Runk, giving credit where credit is surely due.

"Yet," he continued, "she is very possibly the unhappiest creature on the face of the globe at this writing, because she is undecided as to just what and where she is in the scheme. She is on the verge of destroying her basic comradery out of their servient ego. . . . She is on the way to becoming a definite third sex, having progressed too far to retreat, out of vanity, while simultaneously striving to preserve that which she had and is now in the process of losing."

"The American woman is now trapped in a snare of her own devising. . . . The new woman, unless she watches her step, is going to find herself emancipated right out of business, because most of her glamorous mystery has been betrayed in recent years, and she has sacrificed femininity for masculine vanity in fields outside her accepted orbit."

Old Robert never was one to pull the punches.

The lady in question will, however, certainly argue the point—but argue through she may, there is no denying the fact that the modern American female is no trouble—big trouble.

You can see it in her face when she thinks no one is looking. Her features are taut, drawn, full of anxiety and a special kind of fear.

You can see it in our staggering divorce statistics, especially when you note that 80% of divorce actions in this country are initiated by women.

You can see it in the "advice to the lovelorn" columns and the ladies' magazines, from the pages of which women solve like Mrs. Anne Taylor of Orange, Texas, West: "I have no reason to complain—I have an attractive home and I love my husband and sex. Why, then, are my happy moments so few? Did I grow up expecting too much?"

#### CRAZY MIXED-UP KID

She is a pretty confused cookie, this modern all-American girl. She is full of random complaints: Being a wife and mother does not fulfill her,

Being a career girl is an empty existence. She has no identity. She is being let down by the men in her life. She is drowning in a maze of feminine mystique. She is unhappy!

Tough!

The initial impulse of the average male in response to this nonsense whining is to ask: Why all the furor about the unhappiness of the American female? By what unmakeable right is she to be guaranteed happiness (as opposed to the "pursuit of happiness")? And what about the American male? Does anybody care whether *he* is happy? Certainly not the American female. She regards him as a kind of lucky placed on the earth to break his tail from morning till night, so that he can deliver her guaranteed ration of happiness on a silver platter. The fact that he himself may be desperately unhappy while shackled to this exhausting routine is of negligible importance to her. She has lost this poor emancipated thing, so let her be in it.

Only it isn't quite that simple.

The alarming truth is that the growing unhappiness-ecstasy of the American female is rubbing off on the men and children with whom she comes into intimate and very traditional contact. So, her chronic discontent isn't merely her dilemma. It is a serious problem of American society as general—and getting worse all the time.

Dr. Maryann Farnham and Ferdinand Lundberg in their exhaustive study, *MODERN WOMAN: TWO SORTS*, insist that women are "one of modern civilization's unsolved problems. . . . Not only are women a problem in themselves, they are a supreme cause of problems in others. . . . The personal maladjustments of women, reflected by all the questions raised recurrently about them, underlies [the] spreading unhappiness . . . prevalent in our time."

The American woman, paradoxically the most emancipated of all, was the unhappiest trophy hands down. The question is: How did she, the most mixed female in the world, come to this dismal pass?

#### ALL THIS AND EQUALITY, TOO

In the not-so-long-ago days when the American woman was still the channel of her lord and master, a second-class citizen completely lacking independent identity or a political voice in decisions affecting her destiny, it was strictly proclaimed by suffragettes that if this subjugated creature could only win these coveted

rights she would be happy. Then came Emancipation, the promised-land of equality for the American female. And did it, indeed, bring her happiness? According to an overwhelming body of sociological and psychological evidence, supported by a vast compendium of statistics, the answer is a resounding no! Having achieved equality in a measure beyond her wildest imaginings, the American female of today, it would seem, is more actively unhappy and anxiety-ridden than her counterpart in any earlier age of American history.

As Lundberg and Farnham express it, "In looking at the anxious woman of today we must always remember that she is a person who has been removed nearly every one of the earlier reasons for female anxiety—social repression for spinsterhood or inferiority, high possibility for death in childbearing, heavy infant mortality, and constant prevalence of pestilence—and who has been accented practically every one of the demands for reform of her lot made by extremists who only labored because there did not seem to be anything left to ask for. She has been given political and social equality. Except in backward locations, she can vote, serve on juries and public commissions, own her own property, dispose of her own time and person like any man. She may have an education the equal of any man's. Practically every occupation is open to her within her capabilities. She may, if she wishes, be economically independent of any man. She may have an education the equal of any man's, and she may, if she wishes, have many, few or no children without being formally or informally called to account for it. She may come and go as she pleases, do as she pleases within the limits imposed upon men as well. Although in some respects she does not have everything she says she wants—her earnings as a general rule are not equal to those of men—she has means of obtaining what she needs. For she may cut her vote as she pleases, and was betide the politician who would deny her."

"Yet, despite all this she is fearful and unsure of herself—as much a bundle of fear, actually, as her predecessor. . . . Very probably she is more fearful. Apparently all the reforms wrought have not delivered her."


Betty Friedan, in a mass of best-selling double-talk, *THE FEMALE* (turn to page 16)

A NAKED  
LOOK AT THE  
AMERICAN  
FEMALE—BY  
DARRIN SCOT









It was a Brave New World  
filled with erotic delights —  
but there were questions  
that even his lush young bed partner  
could not drive from his mind.

## LAMBETH BLOSSOM

by MIRIAM W. ALDISS

ONE EVENING in the Third Hundred and First Year of the Second Millennium of Universal Goodness, Lab-Inson Mik bowed low to his employer, Commissioner of Legal Courts Bar Ton, slipped on his Walking-Out mask, and strolled into the sunlight of Piccadilly Circus. Nobody would guess to look at him that he nursed a divinely secret. He was in many respects an average clerk of the capital city of the Chinese Republic of Britain, slimy built, with dark almond eyes, a smooth round face, and a shock of curly brown hair. Among the jostling crowds of the Circus, he did not stand out.

Nor did Lab-Inson behave in any way but his accustomed one. On the corner, he stopped at the news stand, where the usual ancient lady was selling newspapers, cigarettes, prints, contraceptives, and flowers. Smiling at her, he selected a woodcut of an old-fashioned manor, of the sort that had ceased running a century ago, with Mount Snowdon and a giant waterfall behind it. As the ancient lady wrapped it for him in a sheet of old newspaper, he said, "It's for my wife because today is the anniversary of the birth of our eldest son."

Carrying his roll, he pushed through the dense crowds. Before he caught his street car,

here the piece



Male caller with drooping spirits rocks the airwaves

## KNIGHT on the town

by LEO GULD



IN HOLLYWOOD there is a late night radio talk program on KLAC called "Private Line." Every night from one until midnight a sympathetic talk-jockey named Gil Herley speaks on the air to many people with personal problems. You have no idea how personal those problems can be.

Subjects range from homosexuality through abortion and into drug addiction. No subject is barred as long as it is handled tastefully.

To protect itself legally the station forbids mention of names or addresses, and further, there is a five-second lapse between when the engineer hears it and when it goes on the air. This means that if the engineer hears a forbidden word or phrase he can kill it so that there is just dead silence on the air during this pause for censorship.

I listened to a conversation with a male caller one late evening that was so intimate and yet so human that Gil Herley let it go all the way except for the skirt engineer's censorship cuts.

It wasn't something like this (the words may be a little different but the essence is the same):

MALE: Gil, can I tell you my problem?

GIL: Yes, of course, and I hope we can help you.

MALE: I am 53 years old. My wife who is tenish younger left me about six months ago because I became impotent. You know what that means. I can't—

GIL: Just a minute sir. You were out of the air. You can't use that word on radio. See if you can express it in another way.

MALE: Excuse me. You see when I first met my wife about six years ago she was so sexy and so beautiful I would just look at her and get a—

GIL: I'm sorry you were cut off again. You have to be careful how you say things. We do want to hear your story and we

do sympathize with you. But you have to cooperate.

MALE: I didn't think I said anything wrong.  
GIL: It wasn't wrong but it is comical. Now go on with your story.

MALE: Well, my wife was pretty and I'll tell you I responded.

GIL: Very good. Now we understand.  
MALE: Then gradually over a period of months, she'd get under the covers with nothing on, but nothing would happen. She was honest. She said she was frustrated and needed a good—

GIL: Sir! Sir, you were cut off again. That word just isn't permissible. You were told that before.

MALE: But it tells what happened. How she felt. I understand, but watch your language. Now proceed and be cautious.

MALE: I went to my doctor. I've had him for 20 years. He said it wasn't unusual for a man of my age to have a problem like this. Understand?

GIL: Yes I do. What did he suggest?

MALE: Are you sure you want me to tell you?  
GIL: Yes, if you watch the manner in which you say it.

MALE: The doctor told me that maybe our sex life required a change. He recommended a change in position. He even suggested my wife—

GIL: What just a second? I know I told you to proceed but even between husband and wife such sexual practices cannot be transmitted over the air.

MALE: Yes. Well the wouldn't— on me anyway so—

GIL: That was the word for which we cut you off before.

MALE: You asked me. So I told you. Now she moved to an apartment and I have a feeling someone else is— her because—

GIL: Excuse me. Let me stop you here and explain. You are on the radio. Thousands of people are listening. We can't allow you to use words that might offend someone. Now try it once more. What we want to know is, how do you intend to solve your problem? Do you still love your wife?

MALE: Yes, I love her and she still loves me. I think. She calls me to come over to her place with some excuse like fixing her TV set and then she walks in front of me without any clothes on.

GIL: I can understand that must be very frustrating.

MALE: It is. When I see her like that I'd like to just— and pull her— and suck my— in and then bite her— She drives me crazy. Do you understand? Does anyone listening understand?

GIL: Look! Wait a minute. I do understand. And I feel sorry for you. But we had to cut most of that off. I realize the depth of your emotions but that can't go over the airways. We'll try now to get some opinions from some men or women who have had the same experience. Now you turn your radio up and listen. Goodnight. Goodnight.

MALE: Goodnight. I wish it were my wife I was saying goodnight to instead of you. I would like to give her just one more fancy— before I go to sleep tonight.

LAMBETH BLOSSOM, from page 10

he paused to look up, as many others were doing, to the great screens covering part of one building, where the news was showing. Across the screen rolled great war wagons, discharged from giant submarines on the beaches of North Africa, many of them with the troops of the Glorious Universal Republic following. The war against United Africa, the only other major power block left in the world, was now entering its tenth month, and there seemed little doubt who would win it. That fact may have accounted for the impressive air of the watchers.

The scene changed to the counter-invasion, where the Africans were attacking in the Albion Sector. This, is one of the oldest and loyalist sectors belonging to the Universal Republic, was heavily contested. There was a picture of a peasant's cottage. A gigantic African soldier loomed onto the screen. He had caught a Chinese girl by one arm. With his other paw, he watched open the front of his trousers. The audience gasped. Close-up of his sweating face, nostrils dilated, girl screams. Her frock is wrenched off, breasts revealed. Negro raps her. Detailed action shots.

"Why doesn't the photographer do something?" asked a man in the crowd. Then he cast his glance about for the secret police and slipped away.

As Lob Inson looked in the direction the man went, he saw a girl on the outside of the crowd, her gaze on the people rather than the newscasts. He eyed her steadily, and after a minute moved in her direction.

She was a typical London girl, hair slick and dark, blue-eyed, curvaceous, neatly dressed in a provocative ankle-length dress of midnight blue. As Lob Inson approached, she saw him. Her head went to one side, her little chin tilted slightly up, she shot him a demure but unmistakable look. She smiled slowly and wistfully to show her teeth were good.

Lob Inson stopped before her and bowed politely without removing his Walking-Out mask, to show he considered the was of inferior status. This she accepted, as she acknowledged by bowing slightly more low than he.

Like liked her. His heart beat a little faster, but he showed nothing. Her movements were courtly and slow, inclined to the voluptuous. Nor was her skin coarse and fair like that of some girls of pleasure. She was as sexually exciting as he had first thought her to be.

Gently, using the prescribed rules for the occasion, he asked her a few questions. She was a permitted girl, but had only been in London for a week, coming from the farming country beyond the city. She had been properly trained in pleasure-giving, with degrees in physical movement, position therapy, and psychology. Her charges were reasonable, her behavior good. Her professional name was Lambeth Blossom.

When they had made their arrangements under the giant rape, which was reported in as much detail as the African campaign, Lob Inson turned in the direction of the street car, and Lambeth Blossom followed close behind.

To climb aboard the car was always a fight. The good manners of the crowd deterred them



when boarding a vehicle, as if madness temporarily showed through the usual imposed calm. It was even worse down in the subway. Lob Inson pushed forward into the men's compartment, while Lambeth Blossom stayed in the rear.

He let his mind drift from thoughts of the girl to look at the ads round the walls. Apart from a few plugs for domestic goods, most of the ads were exhortations to hate—hate informers, hate renegade-mongers, hate profiteers, hate enemies. Although hating was the only way to preserve Universal Goodness, Lob Inson shivered when he recalled his secret knowledge.

The Lob Inson home was in Lincoln, a nest of little light rooms on the fifth floor of a dwelling block. As they rode up in the elevator, Lob Inson removed his Walking-Out mask and nodded to the girl, acknowledging that their roles might now become less impersonal.

"Very pleasant area in which to live," she said. "Building seems very strong, and this elevator is the most silent I have ever travelled in. I would like to continue going up it forever, were it not that then I should miss the pleasure of seeing your home."

"It is, unfortunately, a somewhat ancient elevator, and I fear you may find my home also out-of-date, but my family will welcome you, Lambeth Blossom."

"The thought of meeting your wife is dazzling, Lob Inson Mik."

The elevator stopped and they alighted. Lob Inson took out his house key as they walked along the passage, unlocked his front door, and bid Lambeth Blossom enter. They passed into the little living room. Presently Lob Inson Lu entered, clad in house clothes, and bowed to her husband.

He presented her with the rolled-up print. Lu opened it and smiled. "It is a work of great beauty, Mik. Your perception does you great credit and sheds pleasure over all our lives."

"You allow too much praise for such a poor thing, my wife. Let me introduce to you Miss Lambeth Blossom, who will spend some of this evening with me. Miss Lambeth Blossom, this is my honored wife."

Lambeth Blossom bowed very low.

"Please rise that I may admire your face as well as your coiffure," Lu said.

"It is a pleasure for me to bow before such august serenity and senior years as yours."

"But you have a pretty dress, Lambeth Blossom, and a rich one. You must have had to work hard and long for it."

"Not so, madam, for with my youth, short times earn high if unmerited rewards."

Not entirely at his ease with this conversation, Lob Inson was pleased when his favourite brother-in-law, Claw Fod Jon entered, hung up his jacket and sat in a chair, while Lu went off to encourage the servant girl with the preparations for tea.

"The war news is good, of course," Claw Fod said, looking at his newspaper and adding in a lower tone, "if it can be believed. There is a rumour today in my department among the heads that there is no war at all."

In the same low tone, Lob Inson said, "But

we were bombed."

"Once, brother-in-law, once. Perhaps it was a gesture towards realism. The Ministry of Propaganda are true artists. The rationing of food and shortage of houses in London may represent similar artistry. You and I, my friend, may be merely the audience on which our rulers project their neuritic fantasies of domination. What do you say to that?"

"We should not be speaking like this, Claw Fod. Let me introduce you to my new little lady friend."

"You are welcome, and my words were foolish. She is of pleasant outward aspect."

"Claw Fod Jon, this is Miss Lambeth Blossom."

"My dear, are you a good performer in bed?"

"Some men have been kind enough to tell me so, sir, but then exaggeration is a common fault, and the desire to be complimentary can overpower honesty."

"Can you perform the posture of the Runaway White Mare?"

Dimples of uncanny charm chased themselves over Lambeth Blossom's cheeks.

"Despite my limitations, sir, of both age and experience—but not, I hope, of flexibility—I am accustomed especially skilled in the Runaway White Mare position."

Claw Fod rubbed his hands, chuckling in congratulatory fashion at his brother-in-law.

The tea came in then, and with it Miss Len the servant girl. Lu, and her eldest son, Lob Inson Pner, whose birthday this was, playing with a red ball. Over the fragrant cups, talk became general. The men talked to each other, the women talked to one another, and Piter talked to everyone. Other members of the family began to arrive from work, and soon the little room was crowded. Lambeth Blossom was introduced to each arrival in turn, and each time found something charming to say.

Under cover of the women's chatter, Claw Fod said to Lob Inson, "Suppose what I say is true, brother-in-law? Suppose there is no war with Africa?"

Since Claw Fod had started work in one of

the most junior departments of the Ministry of Propaganda, he was always asking such troublesome questions.

"If we are told something, there is good reason for it," Lob Inson said.

That was unanswerable. But Claw Fod merely said, "We ought to know what is going on. Did you learn anything fresh at your work today?"

"I learned something which I will tell you later, when we are alone."

For the two men, the piecing together of information had become a sort of hobby, though Claw Fod was always the leader in the game. The restrictions on travel were so great, the rewriting of history so far advanced, the indoctrination of children so meticulous, that it was almost impossible to know where one was in the world.

Striving to think of their difficulties, Claw Fod said, "At least we seem to have some clear glimpses collected over the years. It is apparent that Greater China once existed only in Asia. Perhaps it sprang from the loins of Marx and Mao Tse Tung."

"I like to believe the other legend, that it existed before they did, but was a place eternally in darkness before they came along with the torch of communism to light it."

"That may be more suitable, brother-in-law. Your wisdom convinces me. Then the rest of the world grew enlightened enough to ask to come under her sagacious rule, and the first to accept such honour was the barbarous Russian tribe."

"Excuse me a minute, Claw Fod. If this Russian tribe was so barbarous, then it should have been last to accept enlightened rule."

"Perhaps it was nearest."

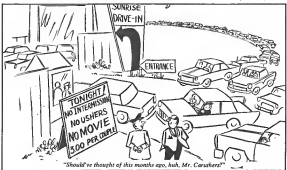
"Perhaps the Russians also had communist beliefs."

"Then how could they be barbarians?"

"Maybe there are two different tribes called Russians?"

They were stuck again, as they so often were, in a maze of contradictions. But they argued without heat. It was only an intellectual sport.

(turn to page 32)



"Should've thought of this months ago, huh, Mr. Caruthers?"



Fabulous, Fantastic Vickie Kennedy Proves That England Swings Like A Pendulum Do

## Veni, Vidi, Vickie

"I CAME, I SAW ... VICKIE!" might well be the cry of a visitor to England on seeing the beautiful bundle from Britain named Vickie Kennedy. Her breasted, measuring 39½, 23, 36 just have to be numbered among the island's most treasured natural resources. She's a model and she loves Americans. *Bon Voyage!* ♡













ing against men, how can you expect wolf notes after five o'clock? If you are working with and for men, are you willing to admit that you will never beat them at their game?... You should not try to equal men, but you are a different creature....

"You Americans walk all over your husbands as no other women dare. The most big-eyed Cockney or Paris dweller's spouse has more rights in his home than does a U.S. housewife. You are spoiled. You were your 'niggers' 45 years ago, but you are like a new African nation: You don't know what to do with them....

"Too many American women are self-centered drags.... It's time you wake up, because the joke is on you.... You ought to go back to being a woman."

#### IT'S ALL HIS FAULT

The American female, accused of being bony, domineering and over-aggressive, is fond of shrilling that maybe she is, but she insists that the role has been forced upon her by the American male who is psychologically weak, submissive and unwilling to accept responsibility.

There is no denying the fact that an appalling number of American men might accurately be described in these terms. But it is the old question of, "Which came first—the shrill or the egg?" In other words, is the female domineering because the male is weak? Or is the male weak because the female is domineering?

Psychiatrists tend to lean heavily toward the latter theory. America is a matriarchy with a capital "M." Not only do women own or control most of the wealth, but they set most of the political policy (directly or indirectly) and have almost unimpeded psychological control over both boys and girls from the time they are spawned, up until (and frequently long after) they are married.

The American father has become a phantom figure who is so busy working himself into a conspiracy to provide the status symbols his wife demands, that he has little time or energy left to function paternally. Long since broken to the bit by his over-protected Mom—and having taken unto himself a wife in Mom's image—he falls far short of being a strong male figure after whom his son can pattern himself. But the female, while deploring her husband's lack of aggressive masculinity, goes batty about emulating her sex in the same fashion.

"It is not true that American women have an authority unknown almost to all other women on the terrestrial globe!" writes Oona Falucci in her no-holds-barred book, *The Unlabeled Sex*. "The way children are brought up, the way women are furnished, a husband's clothes, a husband's hobbies, a husband's diet—all these are determined exclusively

by women. The American woman starts ordering the American man around from the moment he opens his eyes on the world to the moment he closes them forever. So while the men are tying themselves out so that their women can rest, the women are saving their time and energy—ingredients vital to the consolidation of power."

Growing up under almost exclusively female domination, it is most difficult for the American male to make either a satisfactory sexual or psychological adjustment on an adult man-woman level. It is amazing how many very young married men refer to their teenage brides as "My Old Lady"—the same roughly affectionate terms they previously used to refer to their mothers. When they become

and grapple with it like a man, and that her role in the intra-sexual relationship has degenerated into that of "mothering a son" instead of functioning as male to a "real man."

No less an authority than the respected historian, Dr. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., maintains that this unhappy state of affairs is the American woman's own blasted fault and that she has, moreover, deliberately fostered it.

"The victory of women is the culmination of a long process of masculine retreat, beginning when Puritanism made men feel guilty about sex and the frontier gave women the added value of scarcity," explains Dr. Schlesinger. "In the last part of the nineteenth century, however, women won their battle for

ulate to what extent the American female is, actually, to blame for her own miserable predicament.

The word "blame" is, in the technical sense, rather unscientific. Psychologists and psychiatrists much prefer euphemisms like "causation" and "motivating factors."

Be that as it may, a team of psychologists has, for the past ten years, been assembling data which, they hoped, would shed light on the mystery. Dr. Anne Steinmann, Dr. Joseph Levi, and Dr. David Fox have questioned 5,000 women using an instrument known as a "Festinger Role Rating Inventory" devised by another psychologist, Dr. Alexandra Botwin of San Francisco. The test purports to determine "the degree to which a woman finds satisfaction through seeking her own personalities and the degree to which she finds satisfaction through others—namely, her children and husband."

Ten years of testing have provided no clear-cut answer, but merely a choice of several possible answers.

(1) "It would very well be that the central conflict of women was a conflict between their own needs for assertiveness and their belief that men demanded that they be even less assertive than they actually are."

(2) "It could be that the remarkable balance of dependence and independence that women attained to was nothing but a precarious truce in the battle between the sexes, a concession to the intramural demands of men."

(3) "The conclusion that the animosity with which women believe that men want them to be totally subservient is actually a projection of their own need to be at least somewhat so."

(4) "...the supposition that this man-woman conflict about assertiveness was, at least in part, a figment of women's imagination; perhaps a gigantic misunderstanding, or possibly what in the jargon of the behavioral sciences is called a 'projection'—that is, the process by which one imputes to someone else the blame or responsibility or reason for doing exactly what one wants to do in the first place."

In attempting to bring order out of all this hypothetical chaos, writer Vivian Cadden arrives at her own interpretation of the data dredged up by Drs. Steinmann, Levi and Fox in their ten-year quest for what ails the American female.

"The conflict, then—'the woman problem,' if you will—is not primarily a conflict between what women yearn to be and what, alas, men want them to be. Nor is it solely a conflict between what women yearn to be and what they mistakenly believe men want them to be. The basic quandary of women, would seem to be that they have strong

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middle-aged, American males often call their wives "Mother" or even "Mum!" "Mum!" This is considered in suburban circles to be kind of cute—but Freud would have taken a different view of it.

#### CREeping FEMINIZATION

The end result of what has been called the "creeping feminization" of American society is a vicious cycle characterized by the fact that in the past century each succeeding generation of American males has become progressively more woman-dominated. As the male grows psychologically weaker, the American female complains ever more loudly (in *Dear Abby*, magazines, broadcasts and coffee klatches) that he is "immature," unwilling to face up to life

equality. They gained the right of entry into one occupation after another previously reserved for males. Today they hold the key positions of personal power in our society and use their power reluctantly. As mothers, they undermine masculinity through the use of love as a technique of reward and punishment. As teachers, they prepare male children for their role of submissiveness in an increasingly feminine world. As wives, they complete the work of subjugation. Their strategy of conquest is deliberately to emasculate men...."

#### FIXING THE BLAME

In a world that seeks to fix blame for everything that is not quite what it should be, it is reasonable to spec-



Beauty Makes Clean  
Breast Of Future ...  
Sees Mankind  
Becoming All Wet

## THE WET SET

**ACE SWIMMING** instructor Leigh Sands predicts that the whole world will soon be getting all wet. At a press conference for *RHWT* editors and photographers, called for 11 A.M. at her backyard pool, Miss Sands made eyes boggle and imaginations reel with her description of the future. "It took man a million years or so to become what he is today ... to crawl up out of the ocean and to learn to stand upright." After imparting this, Leigh plunged from the water and took a pensive and reflective pose in the shallows of her pool. "I predict," said she (as shutters snapped, "that fully half of mankind will be living underwater in twenty-five years. The human race is beginning to go back into the waters. Soon we will be able to throw off Scuba gear. First we will be breathing through a light plastic membrane around our heads ... then we will be altered surgically so as to have gill slits in our necks. It'll be wonderful." When the audience had finished wincing at the thought of slits in its neck, Leigh eased back into the water. (Shutters again.) After a pause for sufficient exposures, she clambered out to peer at the group through bamboo foliage.

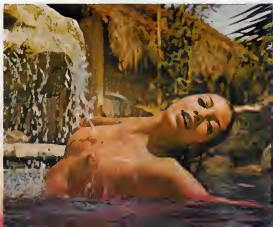
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**Want A Real Thrill?  
How About Nade  
Underwater Swimming  
With A Fully-grown  
African Lion...**



But as sweetly shocking as was the outdoor session with Miss Sands, the inside meeting proved even more wild. For after escorting the gang on a conducted tour of her rooms, Leigh sank back on a divan (Flashbulbs!), pursed her adorable lips and whistled. That's when the Skan hit the lit, for in ambled a fully grown African lion... and in slightly under three seconds, Leigh was totally alone with her pet.

"Follows," she kept calling, "come back... you'll make Leo nervous."

Gradually, one by one, the gentlemen of the press edged back into the room, and soon a pic session was in progress again.

"For my next undertaking," continued Leigh, "I intend to teach Leo to swim underwater. Then I'm going to have a special set of Scuba gear made for him. Can't you just imagine what fun it'll be... swimming underwater with a lion?" Unfortunately, most of the gentlemen present could imagine such a thing, so while all was yet calm, they bid their goodbyes and left the future to beauty and the beast. ♡









"Where else can you eat, sleep, work, have a party, do your laundry, go for a swim, play shuffleboard and get laid while surrounded by charming people who are doing the same things?"

—JAMES BELLAUGH

Section 430 of the California Hotel and Apartment House Laws identifies itself as: "An ordinance prohibiting soliciting for sexual intercourse, soliciting for the commission of lewd and lascivious acts, occupying or renting rooms... for the purpose of unlawful sexual intercourse, or for the purpose of committing any lewd or lascivious act and prohibiting registering under a false or assumed name." ■ There is an apartment house on Sunset Boulevard whose address every influential Talent Business Agent in Hollywood knows as well as he does his own. It isn't as modern as some of its neighbors—it was built in the late forties when major studio operation was at its zenith—but the rent for any of its still luxurious apartments runs between seventy-five and one hundred dollars more per month than for comparable space along the Sunset Strip. It commands these premium rents because of its unique service: the building was conceived as a steeply sloped bank that drops down to Holloway Drive running parallel to the Strip. Although a spacious, glass-fronted lobby faces with brightly lit innocence onto Sunset Boulevard the actual entrance is through an unprepossessing vehicular tunnel boring into its innards several stories below at the Holloway level through which occupants and guests habitually enter and leave unobserved. ■ The apartment building, for the most part, houses the boy friends, courtisans and mistresses of wealthy men who reside in or regularly visit the Southern California area. Although almost exclusively show business in character during its premier years, the building has adapted to the needs of the space age by including, with commendable catholicity, contractors, engineers and men of high finance among its anonymous clientele. ■ Principals (or, for that matter, principles) are rarely in evidence at the Sunset address. Leases are signed by business agents and the names chastely printed on simple white cards in the main Lobby index are, almost without exception, fictitious. ■ When asked about the false or assumed name portion of Ordinance 430 the Manager, who admitted that he rarely had direct contact with his tenants (including, presumably, the questioner) and that there was nothing illegal about it. ■ True, some Hollywood stars put funny names such as "Smith" or "Jones" on their Holmby Hills mailboxes to foil would-be adulterers from Sheboygan but the situation there is somewhat different; the implied difference derives from a uniquely American sexual syndrome that is becoming increasingly dominant in the middle nineteen sixties.

PEOPLE ARE MORE willing to believe that monkey business goes on in a multiple dwelling unit than in a more conventional single family residence, and usually, they are right. In the first place the modern, big city apartment is but becoming the living and playing area of single, unattached people. In 1950 the Federal housing census reported that 2,200,000 people were

(turn the page)

## SEX AND THE APARTMENT HOUSE

by GEORGE BISHOP



## APARTMENT HOUSE, from page 23

living alone in apartments. In 1960, the last census year, that number had jumped to 4,700,000. And single people are more subject to sexual experimentation than their more settled, often older, married fellow citizens.

The Sunset Strip address admittedly is an extreme example of the nonconformity to be found within apartment house walls but Ordinance Number 430 is flaunted just as frequently by otherwise conventional individuals who look upon the lease to their apartment (or apartment-house) as a license to sexual promiscuity not assayed by earthly authority.

"We might just as well try to enforce twenty-seven ninety-eight (Section 2798 of the Red Light Abatement Act: All buildings and places are declared nuisances wherein or upon which acts of lewdness, assignation or prostitution are held to occur.)," a Los Angeles Special Officer told a questioner, "as forbid swimming in the ocean."

Nonconformity certainly can be considered the cornerstone of many apartment inspired relationships. A thermal physicist currently at work on the Saturn project and a confirmed apartment trans tells of a lady he wooed and won as what can only be described as an apartment courtship. The lady, a statuette but kinkily reserved manager of a chic dress shop, lived directly across the apartment courtyard from the young scientist. He tried for weeks, at the swimming pool and in casual conversation, to break the ice. One night he arose around 2 A.M. to slake his thirst and was surprised to see the lady's television set turned on in an otherwise darkened apartment. He looked more closely, gulped and looked again.

"She was practicing Yoga in the nude," he explained, "and was looking at the television screen while standing on her head. All I could see above the level of the window sill were these two beautiful legs and this magnificent stuff peched up there watching the late show."

The thermal specialist experienced rising internal heat as he spent sleepless nights waiting for the lady to perform her exercises. He decided on a desperate gamble. He coaxed the Yoga follower into having a drink with him after a Saturday afternoon swim. She agreed but with such obvious reservations that he very nearly panicked at the last moment. He made two martinis, then casually went over and tuned on his television set; the picture came on upside down; he had laboriously turned the set over on its back. There was a long instant of suspense before the lady burst out laughing at the improbable situation. An apartment romance was born that, the scientist assures me, rivals the conflagration on the Santa Susana test pad.

Although, in the above case both participants acted out their roles in innocence, the apartment house does provide an ideal meeting place for the more dedicated voyeur or exhibitionist. Acts that would result in summary arrest if performed in other surroundings go comparatively unnoticed in the modern apartment. Exposure and scopophilia are everyday occurrences in the average apartment complex, the difference being that the proximity of windows and the close, casual relationships of comparative strangers blur the dividing line between accident and design.

A WOMAN WITH a compulsive desire to show off her body need only be careless with her curtains (and appropriately outraged if a third

party observes someone watching her undress) to cloak her aberration with the shield of respectability. It is a curious fact that the person who usually gets into trouble, the male voyeur, proves in the context of our apartment house morality to be, if not completely innocent, at worst the least guilty party.

Dr. M. Hirschfeld, writing in *Sexual Pathology*, makes the point that a woman who displays herself in front of a mirror or a window is really a split personality, on the one hand offering her body for inspection, and on the other admiring the perfection of her naked form. If she does it before a mirror she is performing both functions herself but if she does it in front of a window she needs the added thrill of imagining herself seen through the eyes of a convenient male.

A Downey, California apartment house dweller tells of being tormented every morning by the sight of an otherwise respectable school teacher vigorously massaging her naked breasts. She lived one floor down and across the courtyard from him and he could see her nude upper body every morning as she squeezed and manipulated her full breasts, apparently to keep them firm. The tenant used binoculars on succeeding mornings until his own sexual discomfort became a distraction. He asked an acquaintance up to witness the morning manipulations and was alarmed when his friend hurriedly put down the glasses and closed the window. The position of the sun, the second man explained, almost certainly caused the lenses to reflect back into the woman's eyes so that they would surely be discovered and reported. The first man stopped using the binoculars and, two days later, the woman's window was closed and the curtains drawn.

Binoculars were hardly necessary in the first true apartment houses, which, according to Teutis J. Van Der Bent's sketches in *The Problems of Hygiene In Man's Dwellings*, consisted of pre-historic caves naturally eroded from rock facings into a series of compact, domed cubicles supplemented by low, windowless inner caves to the rear. There are critics of modern architecture who would have it that man has simply stuck a pane of glass across the open cave facing and called it Condominium. Even the small, partially eroded ledge room to the rear has not changed appreciably in function.

Our hairy forefathers, finding themselves in danger of being cracked on the head by an enemy while in mid-thrust, retreated to the innermost reaches of the cave to engage in coitus and kept a wary eye peered through the aperture for potential intruders. Essentially, our horny ancestor was exhibiting the same traits that motivate his more sophisticated descendants. It required less effort and less expense to live in a communal atmosphere but at the same time he cherished his privacy.

Whether primitive man owned his own cave or merely leased it for so many tusks per month is not known; it is no secret, however, that the experiment proved an outstanding success and that multiple unit living has expanded tremendously. In a short nine years since 1956 the number of apartment houses in the United States



"How does one explain to a Primitive giant's mother that a rock-throwing-boy..."



has quadrupled with 425,000 new buildings scheduled to start this year (1966).

The jump from cave to condominium has not been accomplished without some rough spots along the way and, if written and spoken experience is to be believed, sex more often than not rears its pulsating head when complications arise.

THE SOVIET UNION, apartmentally speaking, today represents an evolutionary bridge between the minimum facilities cave-like existence of the early centuries and the Sunset Strip sumptuousness of capitalist civilization. John N. Hazard, writing in *Soviet Housing Law*, indicates that the Communist apartment house proliferation has given rise to "Comradely Courts" of arbitration designed to iron out intra-house difficulties.

An authority on things Russian describes their operation. "The overcrowded U.S.S.R. apartments put a premium on privacy. Couples literally have to book time in which to make love."

Apparently one Arkady, a strapping youth in his mid-twenties, was being called to account by a "Court" made up of apartment residents for taking an unconsciously long time to consummate his courtship of a girl resident. It was his custom to lock out the other apartment members, mount his lady fair, and, oblivious to the loud clamorings of the late comrades in the hall outside, pump away for periods up to half an hour at a time. Since, with Russian practicality, it was conceded that the girl wasn't about to get up and unlock the door the Comradely Court decided that Arkady had to be barred from the apartment.

"I was told," the observer said, "that excessively amorous young men were considered a menace to the communal spirit of apartment sharing and were often hard put to find suitable quarters."

In the United States Arkady probably would end up with an apartment of his own, paid for by one or more delighted ladies.

AS IN MATTERS of politics and economics, West Germany has succeeded in combining the best of East and West, that time by adapting the apartment house to community sex needs. The good burghers have assembled a burgeoning streetwalker population into typically neat, sterile apartment buildings inhabited solely by members of their calling. These "dimin wohnheime" are meticulously administered by health and police officials. If a girl contracts a social disease or becomes too boisterous she is kicked out and is relieved of her walking papers. The Dusseldorf Hostel, one of the most famous, has one hundred and eighty tenant-prostitutes for which it provides fresh linen, a central dining room and rigorously observed meal hours. The building, it is estimated, handles 4000 customers daily at \$3.75 apiece and is open 11 A.M. to 11 P.M. every day except Sundays and holidays.

There are those who would say that, in many instances, the modern American apartment building performs the same function as the German without its official, exclusive status, and to

a certain extent this is true. There is considerable evidence, however, that much of the sexual laxity is of an impulsive, amateurish nature brought on by the emotional conditions of the participants. The twentieth century apartment tenant, like the nineteenth century Pueblo cave dweller, takes refuge in a multi-level, limited access structure as a defense against a threatening society. The Pueblo, decimated and cut off from friendly tribes, backed out fiered caves and scarred to them in time of danger; the apartment dweller, for various reasons divorced from society, seeks emotional safety and companionship in a society of his or her peers. Just as the Pueblo cave-complexes had an accommodating agnaw who piled her ancient trade in a scandalously remote cave so the modern apartment building undoubtedly has its full time hooker whose blatant professionalism gives the whole structure a bad name.

GENERALLY SPEAKING, the apartment residents convulsed in connection with this article confirmed that for the most part no sinister sexual plot exists among their proliferating breed.

Single, young people have traditionally preferred to try their wings in the free whooling, easy-maintenance atmosphere that apartment living affords and apartments have changed character markedly over the past two decades. Big city eastern apartment buildings and blocks to some extent still preserve the sophisticated aloofness with which apartment living was once closely associated; tenants minded their own business in the old days, nodded curtly to their same floor neighbor and acknowledged not at all the presence of dwellers on the other levels. With the growing number of apartments in California festering open patios facing on large

swimming pool-dominated inner quadrangles, apartment house living has taken on a significant new slant. What David Seligman, writing in *Fortune Magazine*, calls "A... massive shift in taste, involving rediscovery of the sophisticated pleasure of big-city apartment life," is undoubtedly taking place.

Bankers, sociologists and members of the police vice squad all look at these developments from their own highly specialized points of view. Our random sampling would seem to indicate a collective cause for the establishment of an apartment house code of conduct; the herding instinct is reassuring itself across the land and apartment dwellers are responding to it in increasing numbers. A poetically inclined tenant described his surroundings as "A last bastion of hope for the lost and the disenchanted," and an accurate if somewhat more explicit explanation for apartment living was voiced by James Bellaghy, author of *The Hollow Venus* and himself an inveterate apartment dweller. "Where else," Bellaghy asks, "can you eat, sleep, work, have a party, do your laundry, go for a swim, play shuffleboard and get laid while surrounded by charming people who are doing the same things? We own no property and have no families; ergo, we have no frustrations or guilt."

But progress is even now catching up with Bellaghy's high rise haven. The condominium or occupant owned apartment is restoring the national balance by attracting stable, family oriented clients who pay taxes, pass judgment on their neighbors and zealously build up an Equity. The day is not far off when a condominium owner will be forced to rent an apartment in order to escape the harsh realities of life. ☺



"Come on down, Fickering, it's not going to work!"



IT WAS ABSURD, CHILDISH, IMPOSSIBLE—BUT IT FILLED THEIR LIVES WITH GROWING HORROR

I HAD HOPED to withhold from public scrutiny those rather curious events which have given me some concern for the past month. I knew of course that there was talk in the neighborhood. I have even heard some of the distortions current in my district, stories, I hasten to add, in which there is no particle of truth. However, my desire for privacy was shattered yesterday by a visit of two members of the fourth estate who assured me that the story, or rather a story, had escaped the boundaries of my *arrondissement*.

In the light of impending publicity I think it only fair to issue the true details of those happenings which have come to be known as The Affair at 7, rue de M—, in order that nonsense may not be added to a set of circumstances which are not without their *bizarrie*. I shall set down the events as they happened without comment, thereby allowing the public to judge of the situation.

AT THE BEGINNING of the summer I carried my family to Paris and took up residence in a pretty little house at 7, rue de M—, a building which in another period had been the mews of the great house beside it. The whole property is now owned and part of it inhabited by a noble French family of such age and purity that its members still consider the Bourbons unacceptable as claimants to the throne of France.

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## THE AFFAIR AT 7, RUE de M—

by  
JOHN STEINBECK









To this pretty little converted stable with three floors of rooms above a well-paved courtyard, I brought my immediate family, consisting of my wife, my three children, two small boys and a grown daughter, and of course myself. Our domestic arrangement in addition to the concubine who, as you might say, came with the house, consists of a French cook of great ability, a Spanish maid and my own secretary, a girl of Swiss nationality whose high attainments and ambitions are only equalled by her moral altitude. This then was our little family group when the events I am about to chronicle were ushered in.

If one must have an agency in this matter, I can find no alternative to placing not the blame but rather the authorship, albeit innocent, on my younger son John who has only recently attained his eighth year, a lively child of singular beauty and luck teeth.

This young man has, during the last several years in America, become not so much an addict as an aficionado of that curious American practice, the chewing of bubble gum, and one of the pleasantest aspects of the early summer in Paris lay in the fact that the Cadet John had neglected to bring any of the atrocious substance with him from America. The child's speech became clear and unobstructed and the hypnotized look went out of his eyes.

Also, this delightful situation was not long to continue. An old family friend traveling in Europe brought as a present to the children a more than adequate supply of this beastly gum, thinking to do them a kindness. Thereupon the old familiar situation reemerged itself. Spooch fought its damp way past a huge wall of the gum and emerged with the sound of a faulty water trap. The jaws were in constant motion, giving the face at best a look of agony while the eyes took on a glaze like those of a pig with a recently severed jugular. Since I do not believe in inhibiting my children I resigned myself to a summer not quite so pleasant as I had at first

hoped.

On occasion I do not follow my ordinary practice of laissez-faire. When I am composing the material for a book or play or essay, in a word, when the utmost of concentration is required, I am prone to establish tyrannical rules for my own comfort and effectiveness. One of these rules is that there shall be neither chewing nor huddling while I am trying to concentrate. This rule is so thoroughly understood by the Cadet John that he accepts it as one of the laws of nature and does not either complain or attempt to evade the ruling. It is his pleasure and my solace for my son to come sometimes into my workroom, there to sit quietly beside me for a time. He knows he must be silent and when he has remained so for as long a time as his character permits, he goes out quietly, leaving us both enriched by the wordless association.

TWO WEEKS AGO in the late afternoon, I sat at my desk composing a short essay for *Fagaro Littéraire*, an essay which later aroused some controversy when it was printed under the title *Serrire Resurais*. I had come to that passage concerning the proper clothing for the soul when to my astonishment and chagrin I heard the unmistakable soft plopping sound of a bursting balloon of bubble gum. I looked sternly at my offspring and saw him chewing away. His cheeks were colored with embarrassment and the muscles of his jaws stood rigidly out.

"You know the rule," I said coldly. To my amazement tears came into his eyes and while his jaws continued to masticate happily, his halbhazy voice forced its way past the huge lump of bubble gum in his mouth.

"I didn't do it," he cried. "What do you mean, you didn't do it?" I demanded in a rage. "I distinctly heard and now I distinctly see."

"Oh, sir!" he moaned. "I really didn't. I'm not chewing it, sir. It's chewing me."

For a moment I inspected him closely. He is an honest child, only under the greatest pressure of gain permitting himself an untruth. I

had the horrible thought that the bubble gum had finally had its way and that my son's reason was tottering. If this were so, it were better to tread softly. Quietly I put out my hand "Lay it here," I said kindly.

My child manfully tried to disengage the gum from his jaws. "It won't let me go," he spluttered.

"Open up!" I said and then inserting my fingers in his mouth I seized hold of the large lump of gum and after a struggle in which my fingers slipped again and again, managed to drag it forth and to deposit its ugly blob on my desk on top of a pile of white manuscript paper.

For a moment it seemed to shudder there on the paper and then with an easy slowness it began to undulate, to swell and recede with the exact motion of being chewed while my son and I regarded it with popping eyes.

For a long time we watched it while I drove through my mind for some kind of explanation. Either I was dreaming of some principle as yet unknown had taken its seat in the pulsing bubble gum on the desk. I am not unintelligent. While I thought the indecent thing, a hundred little thoughts and glimmerings of understanding raced through my brain. At last I asked, "How long has it been chewing you?"

"Since last night," he replied. "And when did you first notice, this, this propensity on its part?"

He spoke with perfect candor. "I will ask you to believe me, sir," he said "Last night before I went to sleep I put it under my pillow as is my invariable custom. In the night I was awakened to find that it was in my mouth. I again placed it under my pillow and this morning it was again in my mouth, lying very quietly. When, however, I became thoroughly awakened, I was conscious of a slight motion and shortly afterward the situation dawned on me that I was no longer master of the gum. It had taken its head. I tried to remove it, sir, and could not. You yourself with all of your strength have seen how difficult it was to extract. I came to your workroom to await your first disengagement, wishing to acquaint you with my difficulty. Oh, Daddy, what do you think has happened?"

The cancerous thing held my complete attention.

"I must think," I said. "This is something a little out of the ordinary, and I do not believe it should be passed over without some investigation."

As I spoke a change came over the gum. It ceased to chew itself and seemed to rest for a while, and then with a flowing movement like those monocellular animals of the order *Pannucium*, the gum slid across the desk straight in the direction of my son. For a moment I was stricken with astonishment and for an even longer time I failed to discern its intent. It dropped to his knee, climped horribly up his shirt front. Only then did I understand. It was trying to get back into his mouth. He looked down on a paralyzed with fright.

"Stop," I cried, for I realized that my third-born was in danger and at such times I am capable of a violence which verges on the murderous. I seized the monster from his chin and



"Just how much further is this little here next, where we're going to spend the weekend?"



striding from my workroom, entered the salon, opened the window and hauled the thing into the busy traffic on the rue du M—

I believe it is the duty of a parent to ward off those shocks which may cause dreams of trauma whenever possible. I went back to my study to find young John sitting where I had left him. He was staring into space. There was a troubled line between his brows.

"Son," I said, "you and I have seen something which, while we know it to have happened, we might find difficult to describe with any degree of success to others. I ask you to imagine the scene if we should tell this story to the other members of the family. I greatly fear we should be laughed out of the house."

"Yes, sir," he said passively.

"Therefore I am going to propose to you, my son, that we look the episode deep in our memories and never mention it to a soul as long as we live." I waited for his assent and when it did not come, glanced up at his face to see if it revealed field of terror. His eyes were staring out of his head. I turned in the direction of his gaze. Under the door there crept a paper-thin sheet which, once it had entered the room, grew to a gray blob and rested on the rug, pulsing and chewing. After a moment it moved again by pseudopodial progressions toward my son.

I fought down panic as I rushed at it. I grabbed it up and flung it on my desk, then swung an African war club from among the trophies on the wall, a dreadful instrument studded with brans. I beat the gum until I was breathless and it a torn piece of plastic fabric. The moment I rested, it drew itself together and for a few moments chewed very rapidly as though it chuckled at my impotence, and then unceremoniously it moved toward my son, who by this time was crouched in a corner moaning with terror.

Now a coldness came over me. I picked up the filthy thing and wrapped it in my handkerchief, snode out of the house, walked three blocks to the Seine and flung the handkerchief into the slowly moving current.

I spent a good part of the afternoon soothing my son and trying to reassure him that his fears were over. But such was his nervousness that I had to give him half a barbiturate tablet to get him to sleep that night, while my wife insisted that I call a doctor. I did not at that time dare to tell her why I could not obey her wish.

I WAS AWAKENED, indeed the whole house was awakened, as the night by a terrified rattled scream from the children's room. I took the stairs two at a time and burst in the room, flicking the light switch as I went. John sat up in bed squalling, while with his fingers he dug at his half-open mouth, a mouth which herrysingly went right on chewing. As I looked a bubble emerged between his fingers and burst with a wet plopping sound.

What chance of keeping our secret now! All had to be explained, but with the plopping gum pinned to a broadboard with an ice pick the explanation was easier than it might have been. And I am proud of the help and comfort given me. There is no strength like that of the fam-

ily. Our French cook solved the problem by refusing to believe it even when she saw it. It was not reasonable, she explained, and she was a reasonable member of a reasonable people. The Spanish maid ordered and paid for an exorcism by the parish priest who, poor man, after two hours of strenuous effort went away muttering that this was more a matter of the stomach than the soul.

FOR TWO WEEKS we were besieged by the monster. We burned it in the fireplace, causing it to splutter in blue flames and melt in a nasty mess among the ashes. Before morning it had crawled through the keyhole of the children's room, leaving a trail of wood ash on the door, and again we were awakened by screams from the Coolet.

In despair I drove far into the country and threw it from my automobile. It was back before morning. Apparently it had crept to the highway and placed itself in the Paris traffic until picked up by a truck tire. When we tore



"He called me Shishkabab... What do you suppose he means?"

it from John's mouth it had still the neomask marks of Michelin imprinted in its side.

Fatigue and frustration will take their toll. In exhaustion, with my will to fight back sapped, and after we had tried every possible method to lose or destroy the bubble gum, I placed it at last under a bell jar which I ordinarily use to cover my microscope. I collapsed in a chair to gaze at it with weary defeated eyes. John slept in his little bed under the influence of sodasack backed by my assurance that I would not let the Thing out of my sight.

I lighted a pipe and settled back to watch it. Inside the bell jar the gray tumorous lump moved restlessly about searching for some means of exit from its prison. Now and then it paused as though in thought and emitted a bubble in my direction. I could feel the hatred it had for me. In my weakness I found my mind slipping into an analysis which had so far escaped me.

The background I had been over hurriedly. It must be that from constant association with

the lumbent life which is my son, the magic of life had been created in the bubble gum. And with life had come intelligence, sort the masly open intelligence of the boy, but an evil calculating willness.

How could it be otherwise? Intelligence without the soul to balance it must of necessity be evil. The gum had not absorbed any part of John's soul.

Very well, said my mind, now we have a hypothesis of its origin, let us consider its nature. What does it think? What does it want? What does it need? My mind leaped like a tern. It needs and wants to get back to its host, my son. It wants to be chewed. It must be chewed to survive.

Inside the bell jar the gum inserted a thin wedge of itself under the heavy glass foot and contracted so that the whole jar lifted a fraction of an inch. I laughed as I drove it back. I laughed with almost insane triumph. I had the answer.

In the dining room I procured a clear plastic plate, one of a dozen my wife had bought for picnics in the country. Then, turning the bell jar over and securing the monster in its bottom, I smeared the mouth of it with a heavy plastic cement guaranteed to be water-, alcohol-, and acid-proof. I forced the plate over the opening and pressed it down until the glue took hold and bound the plate to the glass, making an airtight container. And last I turned the jar upright again and adjusted the reading light so that I could observe every movement of my prisoner.

Again it searched the circle for escape. Then it faced me and emitted a great number of bubbles very rapidly. I could hear the little bursting plops through the glass.

"I have you, my beauty," I cried. "I have you at last."

THAT WAS a week ago. I have not left the side of the bell jar since, and have only turned my head to accept a cup of coffee. When I go to the bathroom, my wife takes my place. I can now report the following hopeful news:

During the first day and night, the bubble gum tried every means to escape. Then for a day and a night it seemed to be agitated and nervous as though it had for the first time realized its predicament. The third day it went to work with its chewing motion, only the action was speeded up greatly, like the chewing of a baseball fan. On the fourth day it began to weaken and I observed with joy a kind of dryness on its once sleek and shiny exterior.

I am now in the seventh day and I believe it is almost over. The gum is lying in the center of the plate. At intervals it heaves and subsides. Its color has turned to a nasty yellow. Once today when my son entered the room, it kept up excitedly, then seemed to realize its hopelessness and collapsed on the plate. It will die tonight I think and only then will I dig a deep hole in the garden, and I will deposit the sealed bell jar and cover it up and plant geraniums over it.

It is my hope that this account will set straight some of the silly tales that are being hawked in the neighborhood.



## That age has little to do with potency is borne out by these centenarian studs who still give their wives

SOME YEARS AGO newspapers across the country carried the story that 26-year-old Mrs. Libby Hughes of New Bern, North Carolina, had given birth to a son.

There was certainly nothing exciting about that. After all, women in their mid-twenties have babies every day. So what was the big deal with this one?

The newsworthy angle of the story was the husband. He was George Hughes, a Confederate veteran, and he was 94 years old.

You can guess the reaction produced in most parts of the country by this news story. From coast to coast we guys exchanged winks and opined that the Hughes family must have had "a good neighbor."

The American Medical Association became interested. After exhaustive examinations and tests, their specialists delivered the verdict that Mr. Hughes was still potent and was indeed the father of the child his wife had borne.

When this news hit the papers, the sly gins began to fade away. Maybe it was possible, after all. But at his age?

Just to dispel any lingering doubts, George Hughes died it again two years later. At the age of 96 he became one of the oldest fathers on record.

The announcement of his performance came as heartening news to a good many males around the world. The human male feels that as long as he's sexually potent, he's still a good man. When he's "too old to cut the mustard," he's all washed up. He might as well be down and be buried.

As long as we know that a fellow man is still fathering children at 96, we feel there's hope for us too. When you stop to think, it's something to just be alive at that age. Producing offspring at 96 is little short of miraculous.

George Hughes is by no means the only man to father children when he was past ninety. Mother of fact, he isn't even the oldest father on record. Let's take a look at some of the aged sires who have made history.

There was August Thicke of Rethem, Germany, a comparative baby in this classification, who made the news at age 64, when his 38th child was born. He was married to his third wife, apparently having won out the previous two.

H. B. Garis of Waco, North Carolina, was 70 when his 28th child was born. His oldest child was 49, old enough to be a grandfather himself.

A Freshman, Paul Demais, became a father at 70. He reported to the *Antiens* paper that it was his 36th child. His first wife had died after giving birth to 24 children. Seems as though she'd earned a rest.

George Worcester of New Haven, Connecticut, was a familiar figure to many Americans. For several years he had been a panelist on the television program *Life Begins at Eighty*. When he died at 104, he could claim that he had fathered a child at 72.

Whatever these elderly fellows have that enables them to remain potent so long is a mystery. However, there's one thing they all seem to have—a young wife.

Take the case of 77-year-old Joseph Minzanello of Pittsburgh. His 28-year-old bride of a year presented him with a son. It was the seventh child for Minzanello, who had six grown sons and daughters by his first marriage.

How about an 81-year-old man with a 21-year-old wife? That was the situation of George Boorman of Washington D.C. When his young wife Edith presented him with an 8-pound boy, Boorman said: "He's beautiful, just like the other 25." He hastened to add that the other 25 had been born to his first wife, who had died 20 years earlier.

Frank Cowell of Sawyer, North Dakota, became a father when he was 80. His 35-year-old wife gave birth to a 9½ pound boy. It was her fourth child, his 23rd.

Another fellow who waited until his 80's to father a child was Joseph Beedle, 85, of Pasadena, California. After fourteen years of marriage, his 42-year-old wife presented him with a son.

Louis Czernieski, 86, of Des Moines, Iowa, made the news when his 21-year-old wife produced a daughter. This wasn't his first child, since he had already fathered seven by a previous wife.

You're probably wondering—and that makes two of us—how these old fellows get such young wives? Maybe it's a matter of money. Or property. Or security. Or parental pressure. Unlikely as it may seem, in some cases it may be true love. Whatever the explanation, the May-December marriages go on.

Then there was John Delgado of Hanford, California. At the age of 92 he was delighted when a son was born to his 23-year-old wife, Delores. They already had another son.

Another 92-year-old dad was Ambrose Douglas of Brooksville, Florida. He staggered the local Board of Social Welfare one day by informing them that his 38th child was on the way, though only the 13th by his present wife.

He was living in a little house just north of town with his wife and 11 children whose ages ranged from 17 months to 18 years. Douglas held a small government job that paid him the princely sum of \$19 a month. No wonder he needed relief! Probably his wife did, too.

Still another 92-year-old sire turned up in





a hard time at night



Whitesburg, Kentucky. He was Eli Lucas, whose 35-year-old wife presented him with his 19th child. His first wife had borne 14 of them. Still living at home were Wanda (10), Eli Jr. (7) and Millard (3). Judging from those ages, Eli must have been a pretty good man.

A controversial figure is the oldest father derby was Zaro Agha. Some time before he died in Istanbul, he claimed to be 160 years old. His proudest boast was that he had become a father at the age of 96, when his 36th child had been born.

It's a good story, but unfortunately not authenticated. Zaro lived in a backwoods district of Turkey, where records of births and deaths were matters of minor importance. The old fellow also asserted that he had had eleven wives. At his death one of his daughters insisted that she was 90.

A more reliable report comes from Bogota, Colombia. It concerns 96-year-old Candido Zapata, resident of Medellin in northwest Colombia. A local paper announced the christening of his 54th child.

Before you begin scoffing at those 54 kids, let's add up the score by wives. Zapata's first wife had given him 14 children, the second wife 12, the third wife 18, and his fourth wife 10. Now there's what you've got to call a good man!

For a real old-timer, let's consider Mohamed Omerac, of Zagazig, not far from Cairo, Egypt. This Moslem polygamist became a father at the age of 110! When friends called to congratulate him, he smilingly and proudly informed them that another of his wives was expecting a blessed event in three months.

What seems to be the all-time champion was reported not long ago in the papers. It happened in Russia, so perhaps we'd better take it with a wee grain of salt. At any rate, the report was that this hearty old shepherd named Shinsky had a 30-year-old daughter. Big deal you say. Sure, when you consider that the old boy was 160! That's years, not pounds.

Shinsky married his wife when he was 100, she 25. If she married him figuring that the old boy already had one foot in the grave and the other on a banana peel, she was, oh, so wrong. Sixty years later, when she was an old woman of 85, he was not only still around, but still giving her a hard time at night.

Well, fellows, there seems to be plenty of evidence that some men maintain their potency well into old age and even into what is usually considered senility. Granted, it may not happen in too many cases, but don't give up hope. Who knows? You may be one of the lucky ones.





**LAMBETH BLOSSOM**, from page 13

whatever the one truth was among the many with which they were surrounded, it would make no difference to their lives or their well-being. And some parts at least of the pattern were clear: It was generally known, for instance, that eventually the British, another barbarous tribe, had accepted the rule of China, following the example of her neighbors, and the first millennium of the Universal Grogan Republic had been established on earth.

The British had behaved in the most civilized way of any of the tribes of foreign devils, they had been digested into the system not by annihilation but intermarriage, until now, with the superior reproductive powers of the Chinese people, they were obliterated. With the Americans it had been otherwise, and most of the efforts of the first Colonial Thousand Year Plan had been devoted to bringing feeble enlightenment to the Americans. Finally in the Century of Wreaths and Radiation, their problems had been settled once and for all, to the great betterment of all mankind. So the two men believed from the legends.

It was Lu who interrupted the pleasant tea-time chatter by saying that Piter must go and get undressed, for it was his bedtime.

As if this were a signal for him too, Lob Inson also rose, bowed to various of his relations nearby, and went across to Lambeth Blossom.

"Perhaps you would like to follow me into the bedroom now?"

"It would give me exquisite pleasure."

She walked demurely into the bedroom after him.

Opening her little handbag, she produced from it a joss stick, which she placed in the burner by the bedside, under the portrait of Lob Inson's grandfather, and lit it. Lob Inson climbed on the bed and watched her movements. Now that she was about to do what she

did best, Lambeth Blossom was possessed of an hypnotic grace. Her every gesture seemed to be a conspiracy with the onlooker. Before she had divested herself of her midnight-blue gown, Lob Inson was smoldering with lust.

She folded her garments unsentimentally as she removed them, putting them on to a wicker chair, until she was completely naked. This was a modest where. She walked toward the bed as unselfconsciously as if she were in the street fully clothed, not fanning herself, complete in herself, smiling a little.

She coiled herself against Lob Inson on the bed, and bent to kiss his feet, so that he had a chance to observe the target of his desires looking as fresh as a newly caught trout. Eager to explore the pearls within he reached out with one hand and put forth one finger, which she captured, turning slightly on the bed so that she could see how greatly he enjoyed his success. Of this he was giving ample evidence.

Lambeth Blossom dislodged his hand, turned to face him, and commenced to undress him as he lay there. With the movements he was forced to make to wriggle from his clothes, and the lascivious dexterity she showed at her task, this unobscured proved more erotic even than hers. Finally they were confronting each other without barriers.

As they lay there, Lob Inson eagerly drinking in the succulent voluptuousness of the girl, Lu entered, bowed to her master, and asked, "May I have the pleasure of preparing you both a sherbet with which to refresh yourselves presently?"

"Thank you, kind wife. And bring a bowl of those green chilis, if you please."

Lu withdrew, while her husband prepared to do just the opposite. He mouthed the exclamation of Lambeth Blossom's breasts, working his face round until he could press his nose into her armpit and inhale the delightful fragrance of her flesh. She was signaling to him in a small

voice like the cooing of doves; she let the sound die away so that she could whisper to him. "Shall we perform the Runaway White Mare together? I can tell that you will prove an able rider, needing neither saddle nor spur!"

"Yes, yes, I will be your jockey, Lambeth Blossom, and together we will speed over the wilder plains of ecstasy!"

She stuck a pointed tongue in his ear, and nibbled the lobe. "I warn you, I am a hard mount to tire."

The posture of the Runaway White Mare was not easy to assume, although Lambeth Blossom was as flexible as she claimed. Only as he felt the smooth underneath of her thighs against his hips, and her ankles were locked behind his neck, forcing his face to hers, could he claim to be ready for his amatory equestrianism, and at that moment little Piter came running into the room, stark naked.

"You're supposed to be getting into bed, young man," his father said. "Now, don't interrupt me. Your Papa is busy!"

"But, Papa, I only want to watch to see how you do it! You've let me watch before!"

"It is good for the boy to see his father's pleasure," Lambeth Blossom said, gently, "so that when he grows up and imitates his father, he will have pleasure himself and bring it to women."

"You may watch, Piter, as it is your birthday."

The ride commenced. The Runaway White Mare at first covered the ground at the most demure of trots, though not without showing that she had sped and was in every way a thoroughbred. As yet she was only showing her form on level ground, but already there was promise of the uplands ahead, their summits wreathed in mist. Lob Inson, who had frequently taken his exercise this way, was absolutely in control.

As they were extending themselves into a modest canter, Lu and Mar Len came into the bedroom with sherbet and chilies and a bowl of peaches soaked in honey.

"So there you are Piter, you rascal!" Mar Len exclaimed. "Your bath is waiting for you!"

Piter stood aside by the side of the bed, one hand resting tentatively on Lambeth Blossom's shapely buttock. The little banner he waved before him showed not only that he understood what his father was about, but that he might one day be as gallant a cavalier himself. Mar Len stroked that gratifying outward display, laughing and saying, "Come on, let's go and cool that down in the bath!"

As the servant girl bore Piter away protesting, Lu poured the constraints into two glasses of sherbet, inserted two straws into the glasses and handed them over. Lob Inson and his subtle seducer interpreted their progress to up at the refreshing drink. Nodding with gratification, Lu left the room.

Ten minutes later, when they were pausing again, neither wishing too soon to reach the point where the canter became a last reckless gallop, Claw Pod Jon tiptoed apologetically in and sat by the bedside.

"Very sorry to interrupt," he said. "I just wished to see how you were getting along, and

/born to page 24







## LUSTY LIMERICKS

There was a young girl of East Anglia  
Whose loins were a tangle of ganglia  
Her mind was a webbing  
Of Freud and Krafft-Ebing  
And all sorts of other New-fanglia.

A young baseball-fan named Miss Glend  
Was the home-team's best rooter and friend  
But for her the big league  
Never held the intrigue  
Of a bat with two balls at the end.

There was an announcer named Herchel  
Whose habits became controversial,  
Because when out working  
Whatever he was doing  
At ten he'd insert his commercial.

Regardez-vous Toulouse-Lautrec  
Though at first glance an ardent wreck,  
He could sex once a week  
At a manure antique,  
And once in a while a la Grecque

A young man whose sight was myopic  
Thought sex an incredible topic.  
So poor were his eyes,  
That despite its great size,  
His daddler appeared microscopic.

There was a young lady named Bruce  
Who captured her man by a ruse,  
She filled up her fuelage  
With a good grade of muselage,  
And he never could pry himself loose.

A girl by the green Sosquehanna  
Said she would do a maraca.  
But her lover got sore  
And sliced off to Ludlow ...  
And now she must use a banana

Said another young woman of Croft,  
Amusing herself in the loft,  
"A salami or wurst  
Is what I'd select first —  
With helogras you know you've been boffed."

There was a young fellow named Kletz  
Who went looking for tail in New Lots.  
Of tail he found nary  
A piece, but a hairy  
Suggested he try some eratz

by BLAIR KINGSTON



to admire your splendid rhythms. Perhaps I also might later sample the delights of lovely Lambeth Blossom?"

"By all means," said Lob Inson. "I would not have you miss such a delectable experience for worlds. Lambeth Blossom, I am very happy that you came from the country to visit us."

"I cannot tell you how glad I am to leave the country. It is so poor there. Everyone lives in hovels."

"We hear differently in London. We hear that the peasants live well — on the fat of the land, in fact."

"There is no fat, my rider, only land, and we all live like pigs."

"But it is surely true that you eat meat every day, and fish cooked in wine, and that your merfolk are as drunk as fishermen every night?"

"We are lucky if we see fish on feast days or meat once a year. As for wine, it's scarcer than meat. Even the rice ration is cut this year."

"This is another story we have been told," Claw Fod said. "The newspapers claim that you peasants live on imported Australian sheep and beer."

"Excuse me if I concentrate on physical pleasures rather than political ones," Lob Inson said. He felt the mare beneath him stir like a wild thing, and a wave of excitement ran through him. As he followed it like an animal in its lair, he thought that it was a spiritual excitement as well as a physical one. This was what they had learned since childhood, and it was a message that lay deep at the heart of his civilization. There was control, and almost all of life was control; but beneath it lurked a thing that was hardly controllable, almost a madness. They had to build on it with rigid discipline, but always beneath the artificial layers ran the wild thing. And the wild thing was running now! The wild white mare showed her true nature at last — she had cast away the reins and snaffle — she snatched and cried — she was off like the wind up the great slopes of the volcano — she was out of control — runaway, runaway! — and the self was lost in the madness of the moment.

Afterwards, Lambeth Blossom and Lob Inson put on gowns and rested and talked, and Lambeth Blossom entertained her lover and her potential lover with an account of village life — briefly, so as not to be tedious.

"Such things should not be!" Lob Inson said. "Looking through the documents today, I came across an old one that certainly should not have been there. It ought to have been destroyed at an earlier reshaping of history."

"I fear our bureaucrats are not always efficient," Claw Fod said, crunching a chili and shaking his head. "What did the document say?"

"It spoke of terrible things, Claw Fod. It intimated that this was not the Second Millennium of Universal Goodness that we live in. It said we had not beaten the Americans, as we are taught, but that they were invading our native Chinese soil. It mentioned the barbarous Russians, suggesting that they too had turned against us."

"This must have been an enemy document,

sent to make us unhappy and confused, brother-in-law. We were taught that the Americans were all killed. Did it mention the British?"

"Yes. It said we had bombed London, but the British were not defeated and helped the Americans and Europeans fight against us!"

"Then it's nonsense! The British would never do that. We are partly British — their blood is in our veins, if history is to be believed!"

Lob Inson pressed his hands together in a gesture of bewilderment. "You are the one who says it cannot be believed."

During this man's talk, Lambeth Blossom had slipped off the bed and was chewing a chili by the window, cooling herself and gazing across the rooftops of London or down at the street, five floors below.

"Have you any ideas on this subject?" Lob Inson asked her.

She looked at the two friends with downcast eyelids. "I heard in the villages a story too terrible to be credited, although it fits in with what you are saying."

"Please tell us! You can see by what we have said that we shall not report you to the secret police."

She said falteringly, "I heard that the secret police might be British, and not Chinese. In the villages, they speak of barriers round the land beyond. They say that London and the country here form only a small place surrounded by barbed wire and guards. They say that London is not London but a piece of make-believe."

"Excuse me to say that there you are talking nonsense, Lambeth Blossom," Claw Fod said. Turning to his brother-in-law, he continued, "You see the peasants are only peasants and so they talk nonsense all the time, and this girl too is only a peasant. This is not merely falsification of history but lies!"

"And they say that the world united against us," Lambeth Blossom went on, "and that all that is left of our great race after the bombs

stopped falling is perched out into reservations surrounded by wire. We merely live in the British-occupied zone — and they have intermarried with us, not us with them. Over in the next valley is an American-occupied zone."

Lob Inson laughed. "You see, Claw Fod, what nonsense we run into when we try to track down truth! We must cure ourselves of this vice and take to a more profitable hobby. Lambeth Blossom's idiotic story teaches us that we are ideal! Her story is plainly make-believe, another infuriating lie of our enemies — the Africans, perhaps. There is one big flaw in her story that no-one could fail to spot. If we were conquered by the British, why do all the other legends at least agree that we rule the world?"

Lambeth Blossom continued to look out of the window. "Our enemies say it is because we Chinese have a kind of madness about world conquest. That is why even in defeat we pretend the little village is the great London."

The two men looked very solemnly at each other. At last, Lob Inson said heavily, "This poor girl is very dangerous. We must report her to the police after all. Such lies are dangerous. Noble as she is, she is a traitor to Universal Goodness."

"Certainly! We will hand her over after I have tried her Runaway White Mare. We must not expose people to this dangerous peasant nonsense."

"Even if it were true," said Lob Inson reflectively, "as of course I know it cannot possibly be, how would that affect any of our private and personal lives? Do we not still have our civilization intact?"

"Exactly! Lambeth Blossom, come to me," called Claw Fod.

But the girl stood unheeding by the open window. Tears ran from her eye, blurring the view of the crowded rooftops with, beyond them, the great cone of an extinct volcano.

Then she jumped. ☹



"Well, yes, one might say it's a gold mine."





## Theatre des Capucines

IN THE RIGHT BANK of the Seine, near the infamous *Rue de Pigalle*, is one of the wildest nightclubs on earth. It's the *Theatre des Capucines*, an intimate review starring Bettie Mars, and it features song, dance, and high-kicking acts that would make the hottest Las Vegas show look tame.

One of the most startling acts of  
/turn the page







It's the swiftest, rowdiest, wildest show in Paris, and for a change all the action is taking place on the Right Bank

the evening is a pantomime act by the "team" of Lisa and Wong. Attired in elaborate Burmese costumes, the man begins a flirtation with the beautiful, nearly-naked Lisa. She leads him on, and as his attentions become progressively bolder, even the sophisticated Parisian audience begins to gasp. Finally, as the flirtation becomes a near-rape, Wong is shown to be nothing but a clever half-dummy and Lisa proves to have all along been making the advances to herself. A perusal of the two large photos (opposite page) will give some clue as to how this astonishing bit of fakery is accomplished. This and a score of other clever, erotic performances make the show at Theatre des Capucines one that no Frenchman misses, and all tourists should catch. ♡







Seduction scene on stage of the cabaret leaves even hardened Frenchmen gasping









site new frontloading on the earth. But the majority of them in the United States operate as though they were rolling a lute they picked up in a saloon. . . If the old man is granted isolated moments of contentment they are donated reluctantly in the manner of a huster permitting a view to stroll from the booth of a bar and grill as she smirks him to locate his wallet."

Pretty harsh words—but it is rather difficult to deny the fact that the American male (and especially the American female) has been reduced to a state in which his primary reason *d'être* is to see to it that the woman in his life is provided with every possible comfort and is never, never allowed to be unhappy.

In return for such faithful service, he will, according to the prevailing image on TV, show her how to tie his shoe laces and lead him firmly by the hand so that he can make it to the bathroom when Nature calls.

#### THE CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE

It is always a shock to foreigners visiting our country for the first time to discover the prevalent self-centeredness of the native female. Especially puzzling to them is the little habit she has of speaking of community property as if it were hers alone. Yet, we who live here have grown so used to this idiosyncrasy that we scarcely notice it. At least, until she decides to make it legal as a divorce court.

"In the United States, the overall feminine chat emphasizes the perpendicular pronouns," comments Leland Stowe. "Our women betray themselves when they talk about what they want, what they've got, or what they are out to get. Listen for a while and you can't escape the impression that it's the men's first obligation to please their women in practically every way."

The point was brought home rather forcefully to the author while hosting a young male friend and his recent bride. The wife, all of sixteen years old, had already come to this poor bastard into putting himself in back for life in order to buy a home "just like my girlfriend and her husband have," which he absolutely could not afford. Now she was busily planning the interior decoration.

"Most of the kids are buying Modern," she observed. "But what I want in my home is French Colonial."

"And what does he want in his home?" I made so bold as to ask, indicating the young husband. "Oh, he's going to live here too?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, kidding altogether too much on the square. "He doesn't care."

And she was right—he didn't.

#### THE EMBATTLED SEXES

The question naturally arises as

to how the ascendancy of the aggressive American female has affected the man-woman relationship in this country.

As succinct an answer as any is provided by the famous and well-traveled novelist, Pearl Buck, who observes: "I have never seen in any country . . . such a satisfactory relationship between man and woman as there is in America."

That is quite a distinction—especially when one considers that nowhere else in the world do women expend so much time, energy and money in attempting to become sexually attractive as they do in this country.

Obviously, it takes more than that—and whatever it takes the modern American woman obviously hasn't got.

The most common complaint heard by psychiatrists from the American male (and one which is sharply on the increase) is that he is sexually impotent. The second most common complaint is that his wife or lover is frigid. Actually, these two conditions are manifestations of the same problem and, as almost any layman knows, they are both almost always psychological rather than physical in origin.

In an attempt to explain the sexual deadlock which exists between men and women in modern America, the sociologist, anthropologist, and philosopher, Julius Fiedler, advances this interesting theory: "By picking a bad wife, a man wins the right to believe as public what he has believed all along in private: that women are no damned good. Which brings us to a point seldom mentioned in these studies on women. Men really don't like them. Only in religion is it not a perversion to love one's enemy. In real life, we hate and fear, despise and protect ourselves from our enemies. . . . Men has always been weaker as a society. How in the world can he be expected to love her? He cannot. . . . The term 'relationship,' as we have come to know it, is the artless bleeding of what man needs with what he dislikes. . . . We are all familiar with the fact that little girls do not like little girls. We pretend to think they outgrow it. They do not. They merely learn to hide it. . . . As moral prohibitions loosen and women discover sexual enjoyment, men lose it. . . . He punishes her with remoteness. Where that doesn't work, he tries remoteness."

There is reason to believe that Fiedler's theory might not hold up under careful scientific scrutiny. But if it is right about male's statistic dislike for women, then certainly in modern America the male has additional reason to feel hostile toward a creature whom he keeps trying to boost onto a pedestal, but who keeps clambering down to clobber him over the skull.

The male is a sexually vulnerable creature simply by virtue of the fact that in order to initiate intercourse at all he must first muster the psychic urge to produce an erection. The erect phallus is, however, much

more to him than an instrument of sex—it is his power symbol and, therefore, most important to him in summoning the drive necessary to cope with the problems of modern

(from page 42)

#### A Wickedly Witty History Of Those "Dirty" Books

### AN UNCENSORED HISTORY OF PORNOGRAPHY

by Dr. Paul J. Gillette

How well do you know your pornography? Volume has been written about almost every subject in history and literature, but pornography has been only slightly touched. This is the first collective work devoted to the world's most notorious, least understood, and most misunderstood subject. The first book on the subject to be so broad in its scope, it covers the entire spectrum of pornography with a scholarly, yet witty, and often humorous, touch. This book is a must for the pornography collector and the serious student of the subject. It is a must for the "new breed" of artists currently producing

HM 128

95c

#### Moments of a Lusty Roman

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Dirty old man photog-cartoonist fires a blast at unwomanly broads with pen and pix

## William Rotsler vs. Women

WELL, IT MAY SEEM that way from those cartoons but it's not really so. I'm not anti-women. Far from it. I'm just anti- all the things that are annoying about women. For instance: In a world of emancipated women there can be no gentlemen. (The little dears can't have it both ways!) But I love women. As many as possible. I love the idea of women, too.

So I'm not against women...I'm for women. I'm for girls becoming women and for women to be more so. Maybe the Fasti lex with Momies or Naclet Fallout or the Rise of Faggerty—who knows? But if I can lift at a few female windfalls, so much the better. Besides that they pay me for these cartoons, created especially for KKKKK, and with that money I shall take out several by William Rotsler

mobile young girls and attempt by sheer brain power to turn them into women. It's not easy, you know. An amazing number of females never even want to get up to bat in the game of womanhood. Being a woman means that you need a man, not a boy.

I plan on being a very active "dirty old man" in the years to come, and the nicest thing about being a D-O-M is that you need no training, you can practice well past your retirement age, and, in fact, can hardly avoid it. Case in point: the photograph that accompanies this article. Me, briefly beardless for the first time in years, shown with blonde Vicky Don, the star of my first motion picture, "The Thrill Girls," and if there are any more lecherous D-O-M's in the world than motion picture producers I'd be amazed! ☺







"But I'm not that kind of girl!"



"I'm looking for a virgin to sacrifice."

"I'm disqualified."



"Owl! And never darken my libido again!"



"Don't let it come between us."



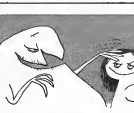
"Stick 'em up!"



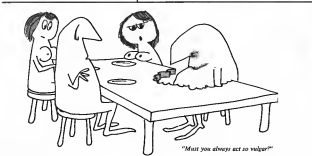
"You must learn to *KNOW* your body, my dear ..."



"You love me, you know you do!"



"I'm glad to see you appreciate an older and more experienced man—So many young women nowadays just don't understand!"



"Must you always act so vulgar?"



"Oh, how nice! You're jealous!"



**FEMALE**, from page 39  
living.

#### THE CASTRATING FEMALE

This "new" American woman is often called a castrator because she is wont to downgrade the male, to chip away at the very foundation of his masculinity. Having thus humiliated him, she orders him into the bedroom and challenges him to rival her with the multiple earth-shaking or gasms which, she has been assured, are her due as an emancipated female. All the while consciously or subconsciously, she fights against responding to the power which her erect phallus implies. There, when he fails to come through like James Bond, she berates him for having deprived her of her God-given right to an ecstatic revolution complete with sky rockets and a twenty-one gun salute.

Let this sound far-fetched; reference is made to Dr. Helen Deutsch who, in her *PSYCHOLOGY OF WOMEN*, says: "There is also a rabidness and absurd, however paradoxical, regard this may wound. In this, the rhythmic contractions follow their course in complete disregard of the man's rhythm. They have the character of reception and rapid explosion and give the impression that a kind of cue is taking place. In such cases the sexual act often becomes a compulsion, who will be through first (or instantly), who can keep it up longest, and who has achieved the most?" As must be expected, this type of orgasm will be found in masculine-aggressive women, who thus fight for the equality of the sexes even as the most intimate part of their lives.

It would seem that only an inordinately stupid woman would fail to recognize that she is the one who is crippling her male psychologically, thus depriving him of the physical power to satisfy her sexuality. But there are few women who are that stupid. The only other answer is that she does what she is doing deliberately. But why? It doesn't make sense that she should thus, in a manner of speaking, cut off her nose to spite her face.

Or does it?

#### FREUD HAD A WORD FOR IT

"We know," says Freud, "that the female child is extremely sensitive about the lack of a sex organ equal to that of the male child. Accordingly, the girl comes to consider herself inferior to the boy, developing a tradition of 'penis-envy' from which may be traced a whole chain of reactions characteristic of the female... When she has passed beyond her first attempt to explain her lack of penis as being a punishment personal to herself and has realized that she has characters in a universal sense, she begins to share the concept left by men for a sex which is the lesser

in so important a respect, and, so far as maintaining this judgment is concerned, she clings obstinately to being like a man."

Which, as it turns out, is exactly what sparked the suffrage movement in this country. The average pre-suffrage woman, contrary to propaganda, did not consider herself a subjugated, put-upon creature. She did not have the vote, true—but she couldn't have cared less. What was important to her was that she was guaranteed the security of being respected and protected by her man. The militant leaders of the suffrage movement were, by contrast, classic penis-enviers—in masculine-aggressive females loaded with that quality known as "bitch." They railed the starved doves about them,

what's left.

This resentment can be terribly destructive to the male. Speaking of his plight, Lundberg and Farnham write, in *MODERN WOMAN: THE LOST SEX*, "His wife may be his covert rival, striving to match him in every respect of their joint undertaking instead of supporting and encouraging his manliness and wishes for domination and power, she may thus impose upon him feelings of inferiority and weakness. Still worse is the effect upon his sexual satisfaction. Where the woman is unable to admit and accept dependence upon her husband as the source of gratification and must carry her rivalry even into the act of love, she will seriously damage his sexual capacity. To be unable to gratify in the sexual

Sex?"

No one can say, but almost all authorities agree that the situation will get worse before it gets better—if, indeed, it does get better at all. Trends such as this, once having gained momentum, are difficult to reverse.

But it may be that the sheer weight of legislation, rather than a conscious attempt at reversal, will effect the change. By the year 1975 (which is not so very far off), it is estimated that there will be 4,000,000 more women than men in the United States.

That's quite a group of women to be wondering around unattached, and to matter how much the American male is inclined to downgrade the male, she would still much rather live with him than without him.

However, with such a surplus of women, the male will have a rather favorable choice and he may wake up to the fact that he'd rather be shackled with a real woman than with a gutter-belted drill sergeant, for, as Robert Ruck put it: "The American male is finding it increasingly difficult to be believably tender to a creature who knows everything and is little loath to admit it, in a high shrill voice. He finds it difficult to get the posterior of a mate who turns his perior into a debating stand, and who is pointedly insistent that she can do everything better than he can—or is mad and broody about the fact that she can't and won't admit it."

So it would appear that the modern American female has a lot of changes to do—but she won't, of course, do it until she is backed against the wall and forced to face the fact that the guys are latching onto the gals who are content to be women instead of bad imitations of men.

The American male will have to do a bit of changing, too. He will have to, somehow, fight loose of Mom's apron strings, rediscover his submerged masculinity and glory in the realization that he is a man in what is still, essentially, a man's world.

It will take a lot of doing all around, but there is hope. And as the tactician Patricia Collin, addressing the unhappy American female directly, has this to say: "So, have your cake and eat it too—but let's not hear about any indignation or sadness. If you can find your way back to true womanhood—at work, at home, in bed—in the deep, beautifully allegical female sense, the American man will recover his pride and his manhood. Which is a way of saying that you should never underestimate the importance of that four-letter word spelled l-o-v-e. It may save the world."

Let's hope so. And, incidentally—it would be awfully nice to have a real woman around again. ♡



persuading these erstwhile contented creatures that they were being cheated, and stormed on to victory.

It was a flawed triumph. They did manage to legislate equality, along with a lot of other rights and privileges thrown in as a bonus—but the one thing they were never able to legislate was a penis.

It has rankled ever since—and Hell hath no fury like a woman denied. So, in effect, what the castrating American woman is saying to the male when she sets out to chip his genitals is: "If I can't have what you've got, Buster, I'll make damned sure you won't be able to use yours."

Thus, she has cut off his "nose" to spite his face—and she has the gall then to be tied off at knees for having failed to satisfy her with

act for a man an intensely humiliating experience, here it is that mastery and domination, the central capacity of the man's sexual nature, must meet acceptance or fail. So it is that by her own character disturbances these women succeed ultimately in depriving themselves of the devotion and power of their husbands and become the instruments of bringing about their own psychic catastrophe.

#### WHERE DO WE GROW FROM HERE?

What is the prognosis? Is there any hope for the American woman (and for the men and children whose lives she is blighting)—is she doomed to become progressively the most completely lost of the "Lost





## Mademoiselle de Paree

**A** DAY IN THE life of delicious Nina Braun is apt to be a strenuous day . . . as our Paris girl-experts found out. It began in her tiny, but comfortable bedroom in a pension on the Boulevard St. Germain. After revealing her satiny 35½, 22, 36 to our lenses, she quickly dressed and set forth for morning coffee and croissant at a sidewalk cafe on the Champs Elysees. From there, without pity for our boys, Nina plunged into shopping.

*/turn the page*











After a stop at Chanel for her favorite scent, after dipping into the bookstalls along the Seine, Nina swung back to browse among the antique shops near her home on the Boulevard St. Germain. Finally, Four O'Clock, laden with purchases, she climbed the narrow stairs to her apartment, and we at last got the facts on Nina Braun. She's 33, unmarried, sings and dances in a popular but cozy little boîte on the Left Bank, occasionally models sportswear for Paris fashion houses, loves long, fast drives in sports cars, and is perhaps the champion walker of Paris. ♡



On A Chilly Day In Paris, Nina Walks The Legs Off Our Paris Editors







THE YEAR WAS 1591. A Scottish schoolmaster, Dr. John Fian, mad with love for a village maiden who scorned his ardor, decided to enlist powerful forces of erotic magic in order to sway the lady's affections in his favor. He made a deal with her younger brother (who was one of his pupils) to spare the rod employed for classroom whippings if the lad would procure for him certain very personal ingredients necessary to render the magic effective.

Specifically, he directed the boy to bring him three pubic hairs freshly plucked from the object of his affections. Since the boy slept in the same bed with his older sister he figured that this would be a simple chore and readily agreed. However, being inexperienced at such plucking, the lad grabbed a handful and gave such a yank that his sister woke up yelping. Attracted by her caterwauling, their mother rushed into the bedchamber, eased the situation and beat the whimpering boy practically senseless.

In order to save what was left of his hide, the brother confessed his role in the magic scheme of Dr. Fian. The mother, who fancied herself a pretty good sorceress, decided to play a witchy trick on the love-smitten schoolmaster. She clipped three hairs from the udder of one of her cows and directed the boy to take them to Dr. Fian.

Assuming that the three somewhat coarse strands had indeed been plucked from the quivering maidenly pubis of his loved one, the sex-happy schoolmaster immediately set about casting his aphrodisiac spell. According to contemporary Scottish records the magic was extraordinarily effective. In a positive frenzy of bovine heat the cow broke out of her stall and, udders akimbo, pursued Dr. Fian everywhere he went. Even the church and his classroom were not sacred. She pounced upon him, caressed his face with her rasp-like tongue and coquettishly presented her private parts for ravishment—all the while moaning amorously in the manner typical of lovesick females the world over. A woodcut of the period shows the beleaguered Dr. Fian drawing cabalistic signs upon the ground with a magic wand while the nymphomaniac bossy gazes at him with cow-eyed adoration.

History does not tell us how the good doctor finally managed to discourage the affections of his barnyard seductress, but it does record that his magic ultimately brought him to a horrible doom. He was convicted of goading a mixed bag of wizards and demons into churning up a tempest of the North Sea that almost scuttled the ship of King James I. Under hideous torture he confessed to this and other crimes of magic and, at Edinburgh, was executed by strangulation and burning.

THE ATTEMPT of the luckless pendant to sway the affections of the village belle by supernatural means was not, of course, a rare occurrence. From the very dawn of history man has attempted to use sex-magic or, more euphemously, "love magic" to stir ardor in the hearts and loins of desired lovers. The practice still persists—not only among the primitive tribes of undeveloped nations but, surprisingly enough, among jaded types who dwell in some of our most sophisticated American cities.

According to those who swear by such methods, the most effective sex spells are cast when sympathetic magic is brought into play. Sympathetic magic employs in its rituals certain materials that have been intimately associated with the subject of the spell—such items as locks of hair, nail parings or scraps of clothing. When such miscellanies are not available, a wax or wooden figure of the loved one is often fabricated.

The North American Indians of the wild

Since the dawn of history  
determined seducers have used  
the Black Art to lure  
reluctant lovers—  
and they still do!

# THAT OLD SEX MAGIC

by Devon Craig

/ turn to page 52







Heaven could wait—but only until he had won his right to enjoy it

# DELUSION FOR A DRAGON- SLAYER

by HARLAN ELLISON

**T**HE GIANT BLACK "headache ball" of the wreckers struck the shell of a wall, and amid gusts of dust and powder and lath and plaster and brick and decayed wood, the third story of the condemned office building crumbled, shivered along its width and imploded, plunging in upon itself, dumping jagged pieces into the hollow structure. The sound was a cannonade in the early-morning eight-o'clock street.

Forty years before, an obscure billionaire named Roscoe, who had maintained a penthouse love-nest in the office building, in an unfashionable section of the city even then, had caused to be installed a private gas line to the kitchen of the flat; he was a lover of money, a lover of women, and a lover of burning deserts. A private gas line. Gas company records of this installation had been either lost, destroyed, or—as seems more likely—carefully edited to exclude mention of the line. Graft, as well as bootlegging, had aided Roscoe in his climb to that penthouse. The wreckers knew nothing of the gas line, which had long since gone to disuse and the turnoff of a small valve on the third floor, which had originally jettied the vapor to the upper floor. Having no knowledge of the line, and having cleared all safety precautions with the city gas company as to existing installations, the wreckers hurled their destructive attentions at the third story with assurance....

Warren Glazer Griffin left his home at precisely seven forty-five every weekday except Thursday (on which day he left at eight o'clock, to collect billing ledgers from his firm's other office, further downtown; an

office which did not open till 8:15 weekdays). This was Thursday. He had run out of razor blades. That simple. He had had to pry a used blade out of the disposal niche in the blade container, and it had taken him ten minutes extra. He hurried and managed to leave the apartment house at 8:06 A.M. His routine was altered for the first time in seventeen years. That simple. Hurrying down the block to the Avenue, turning right and hesitating, realizing he could not make up the lost minutes by merely trotting (and without even recognizing the subliminal panic that gripped him at being off-schedule), he dashed across the Avenue, and cut through the little service alley running between the shopping mart, still closed and the condemned office building with its high board fence constructed of duck doors from now-demolished offices....

**U.S. WEATHER BUREAU Forecast.** Mostly cloudy today with a few scattered showers. Sunny and slightly warmer tomorrow (Friday). Gusty winds. High today 62. High Friday 60, low 43. Relative humidity....

Forty years past, a billionaire named Roscoe.

A desire for burning deserts.

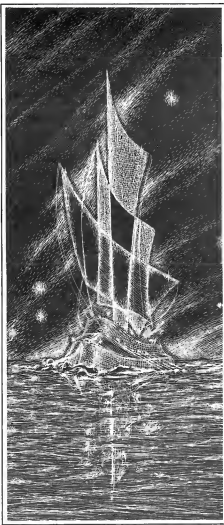
A forgotten gas main.

A struggle for a used razor blade.

A short cut through an alley.

Gusty winds....

The "headache ball" plunged once more into the third story, struck the bottled-up pressure valve, the entire side of the building crumpled skyward on a spark struck by two bricks scorching together, ripping the massive iron sphere from its cable. The ball rose, arced, and borne on an un-





usually heavy wind, plummeted over the remaining board lines. It heaved with a deafening crash in the alley.

Directly on the unexpected eruption of Warren Glazer Griffin, pushing him to little more than pulp, burying him eleven feet through cement and dirt and loam. Every building in the neighborhood shuddered at the impact.

At several moments, cemetery silence fell once more in the chilly, eight-o'clock morning streets.

A SOFT, THUNDERING humming, in little clouds of sound, from all around him, the air was alive with multi-colored whorls of delight.

He opened his eyes and realized he was lying on the yellow-wood, highly-polished deck of a sailing vessel, to his left he could see beneath the rail a sea of pueril vermilion, washing in thin lines of black and color, away behind the ship. Above him the soft, blue and crystal white inlaid in the beams, and tiny spheres of many-colored lights kept pace with the vessel, as though they were lightning-bugs, sent to run convoy. He tried to stand up, and found it was not difficult: except he was now six feet tall, his chest in height, not five foot seven.

Griffin looked down the length of his body, and for a suspended instant of eye-widening timelessness, he felt vermillion. It was total displacement of ego: He was himself, and another himself entirely. He looked down, expecting to see a curved, pot-bellied and purpled body he had worn for a long time, but instead saw someone else, standing down below him, where he should have been. Oh my God, thought Warren Glazer Griffin. For no reason.

The body that extended down to the polished deck was a fine instrument, composed of the finest bronzed skin-tone, the most sculptured an-thracite-hard musculature, proportions past the instant but exaggerated, he was lovely and god-like, extremely male-like. Turning slowly, he caught his reflection in the burnished smoothness of a warrior's breast shield, hung on a peg at the side of the forecabin. He was Nordic blond, aquiline-nosed, rosy-blue-eyed. No one can be that *Arion*, was his only thought, flushed with amazement, as he saw the new face nodded to the front of his head.

He felt the hilt of the sword worn against his side.

He pulled it free of its scabbard, and stared in fascination at the face of the old, grizzled mistroot-eyed wizard who was concentrated was blundered out of pitted metal and jewels and sunblast-black hair, there en-

gaged in hard relief on the handle. The face smiled goryly at him.

"What it is all about, is this," the wizard said softly, so that not even the sea-birds careening overheads would hear. "This is Heaven. But let me explain." Griffin had not considered an interruption. He was silent and struck dumb. "Heaven is what you max all the days of your life, but you can't have it until you have a chance to buy your Heaven with all the intents and ethics of your life. This is why everyone considers Heaven such a lovely place. Because it is dreams, special dreams, in which you exist. What you have to do is live up to them."

"I am startled Griffin, but the wizard cut him off with a moue.

"No, listen, please, because after this, all the magic stops, and you have to do it alone.

"You create your own Heaven, and you have the opportunity to live in it. It is not a gift, it is a reward. In your own terms, the highest intent of which you are capable. So sail this ship through the straits, navigate the shoals, find the island, overcome the foam-dwell that guards the girl, win her love, and you've played the game on your terms."

Thus the wizard's face settled back into immobility, and Warren Glazer Griffin sat down heavily on the planking of the forecabin, mouth agape, eyes wide, and the realization of it all fixed firmly—unbelievably, but firmly—in his head.

For when, thought Griffin, The sound of rigging shrieking like terrors brought him out of his middle-class stupor, and he realized the lead of the strange and wonderful wind-veiled was coming about. The steady baseball-bat of poke-ones against mirror-glass, and the descending, descending horns of a dying breeze, and the ship moved across reflective waters toward a mile-high breaker that abruptly rose out of the sea.

Griffin realized it had not least from the sea-bottom, as his first impression seemed to be, but had gradually grown on the horizon, some moments after the watch at the mast had hailed of its imminent appearance. Yet he had not heard any such gurdyhow, he was sufficed with thoughts of this other body, the golden god with the incredibly handsome face.

"Cap'n," said one of the hands, lumbering with an axe toward him. "We're hard on the straits. Most of the men's shrouled already."

Griffin nodded silently, turned to follow the seaman. They moved back toward the lazarette, and the seaman opened the hatch, dropped down. Griffin followed close be-

hind him, and in the sunfish compartment forced the other sea-beds shuddered with and ankles to the floor-heel of the hold. He was gagged for a moment by the overpowering stench of salted bully-bait and fish, a sickly benevolent smell that made him smart with its intensity.

Then he moved to the seaman, who had already fastened his own truck-shackle and was waiting for him. He clapped the rusting ironacle still undone, and now all the hands of the wind-veiled were locked immobile.

"Good luck, Cap'n," smiled the last seaman. And he winked. The other men joined in, in their own ways, with a dozen different accents, some in languages Griffin could not even begin to place. But all well-wishing. Griffin once more nodded in the strong, silent manner of someone other than himself, someone to the rank boys.

Then he climbed out of the lazarette and went off to the wheel.

Overhead, the sky had darkened to a shining blackness, a potent leather black that would have sent back inverted reflections, had there been anything nearer close enough to the sky to reflect. In the movie-clashing waters of the straits a ghost ship sailed along upside-down, hull-to-hull with Griffin's vessel. And above him the quaint and fluttering globes of light neccitated and malplotted, filling the sudden night with the income of their vibrancy. Their colors began to blend, to merge, to run down the sky in wisches of color that made Griffin smile, and blink and drop his mouth open with awe. It was all the fireworks of another universe, just once harried into an onyx sky, left to burn away whenever it was possible. Yet that was merely beginning.

The colors came. As he set his feet squarely, and the delatide bunched furiously beneath his golden skin, the two men who were Warren Glazer Griffin began the complex water stunts that would send the vessel through the winds, past the shoals, and into the cove that lay beyond. And the colors came. The vessel tacked before the wind, which seemed to gather itself and enter in an arrowed spear pointed direction of unity, behind the massive sails. The wind was with him, sending him straight for the break in the horizon stone burner. But the colors came.

Softly at first, humming, creeping, boiling up from nowhere in the horizon line; twisting and surging like snake wharfbones with adolescent intent; banking, spiraling, climbing in geometric patterns and spirals of inconspicuousness, the colors came.

In a rone, tearing spiral of hyp-

teria they came, first pulsing in primaries, then secondaries, then tertiaries and off-shades, and finally in colors that had no names. Colors like racing, and pungent, and far seen shadows, and bitterness, and something that hurt, and something that pleased. Oh, mostly the pleasures, one after another, singing, hailing, hypnotically arresting the eye as the speed into the heart of the vision of word, advancing, sky-riding colors. The siren colors of the straits. The colors that came from the air and the island and the world itself, which hushed and bitared across the world to here, to meet when they were needed, to stop the seamen who sail over the waves to the break in the breakwell. The colors, defense, that sent men to the bottom, their hearts burning with songs of color and chimes. The colors that tipped a man to the brain and kept him poised there with a serious tension of joy and the color of cascading the waterfalls of flowers in his head, million-colored, blossom-shades, brightnesses, joy-ashing everything that made a man hurl back and strain his throat to sing, sing chants of amazement and forever—as he ship played like a cannonball into the reefs and shattered into a billion wooden fragments, tiny splinters of dark wood against the boiling treacherous sea, and the rocks crushed and stove in the sales, and men's heads went to help as they hurtled forward and their vessel was cut off from under them, the colors the colors, the God beautiful colors!

As Griffin sang his song of triumph, the man with eyes clapped tight-lid, bedewled, saved from bursting, depending on this golden point of joy and the color of personal this-trip. God, who would bring them through the hole in the fabled evil rocks.

Griffin, singing! Griffin, golden god from Manhattan!

Griffin, man of two skins, Chinese puzzle man whose man's hands crumpled over the wood of the wheel, taking points this way, points that way, playing compass and swivel-backer with the deadly colors that lapped at his seams, filled his eyes with delight, dregged his comitia with the acids of glory. And the three thousand hammers now merged, all the little color-motes now united, running as slippery wheels down and down the sky as he turned the vessel toward the rocks and then in one sweep as he spun spins upon the wheel two handed across, whip the whip whip, and through into the babbling

/turn to page 56



# OLD SEX MAGIC, from page 48

frontier are usually thought of as fierce but stoic folk, romance among them having been a mere matter of catching a prospective bedmate with his or her tepee down. However, among the Chippewas the tribal medicine man was kept busy concocting preparations useful in sex magic.

According to W. J. Hoffman (*The Medicine of the Ojibwa*), one of the most effective of such love brews was a powder which "consisted of vermillion, powdered snake root (*polygala serotina* L.), a little blood of a girl who was menstruating for the first time, and a piece of grizzly moose. These were shaken together in a small cotton bag. With appropriate sacrifices and songs it was handed over to the love-stricken individual."

Just what the "love-stricken individual" then did with it is anybody's guess. Presumably he either smeared it on his loved one, sprinkled it in her food—or took it himself, like a prescription.

THE ISLAND OF Haili has always been a hotbed of voodoo carryings-on and it is not surprising that a good bit of this effort is devoted to the concoction of love magic. William Seabrook tells of standing in a jungle clearing at the witching hour one night watching an old crone, Mawon Célé, prepare such a potion.

The voodoo priestess powdered a dried hummingbird while invoking the spirits to gather 'round. Then she added jungle flower pollen along with drops of blood and semen from the man who had paid her to conjure the magic, and stuffed the resultant mixture into a pouch made from a goat's scrotum.

A few nights later the man threw this powder into the face of a beauty who had scorned his love repeatedly. She raged and reviled him loudly, but later that same night she offered herself to him most passionately in the forest, and afterward moved into his hut as his own private sex slave.

Among the remote Polynesian islands, love,

as such, is unknown and sexplay is so casual and general that the pursuit of same rarely presents any problems. However, it occasionally happens that a man desires to have sexual intercourse with a woman who does not fancy him as a bed partner, and in such a case it is considered fair to employ extreme measures—namely, sex magic. Blackwood, in his book *Both Sides of Baka Passage*, describes a favorite method employed by swains with hot loaves in the Solomon Islands.

*"To make a woman love you get some leaves of the plant ramkori and powder some siriva (a magical substance made of powdered lava) on to them. Rub the two together and smear the mixture onto a piece of tobacco which you then give to the woman you desire. Then take a little more siriva and make it hot over the fire. As she smokes the tobacco, and as the siriva gets hot, so she will become warmed toward you and the next day she will come to you. She will be hot with desire for you, and you will copulate and copulate. When you are tired of her and want the affair to come to an end, take a little siriva and put it into water, her passion will then be cooled..."*

Judging from the above, an entrepreneur who took to importing siriva might very well make himself a fortune, for, apparently, not only does this magical substance have the ability to turn a girl on to sexual fun and games but (and perhaps even more important) it can cool the lady's ardor once the stud has worn himself to a nub and simply wants to turn over and go to sleep.

THE TROBRIAND ISLANDS of Melanesia constitute perhaps the most wide open spot on earth as far as uninhibited sex activity is concerned. With full approval of the rest of the community children begin to mislead and seduce one another at a very early age and anytime "practicing" until pubescence makes it possible for them to play "house" for real. Nor does marriage prevent adults from hitting the

mat with anyone who will hold still long enough.

Perhaps it is actually because sex is so readily available that the natives of these islands feel it necessary to subdue the whole affair with a certain mystique. At any rate, they dose on sex magic, especially that which can be linked to dreams about a certain desired bedmate. They also believe in the effectiveness of song in this respect because, as they explain, "The throat is a long passage like the vagina, and they attract each other. A man who has a beautiful voice will like women very much and they will like him."

A Trobriand swain doesn't get turned down very often when he takes a shine to a particular lady. If, however, she should decide to play hard to get there is a special magic (as described by Edward S. Gifford in *The Charm of Love*) that is guaranteed to make the lady surrender.

"Yet" there are girls very difficult to persuade," writes Gifford. "Frustrated by one of these, our lover takes the next step. He chants a spell over coconut oil when the wind is still, adds a native aromatic herb, and chants another longer spell describing the strength of his feelings. This oil should be applied directly to the girl's face or body. Most effective of all is an application to her breasts... An enterprising lad, a Trobriand wail with an eyebrow about him, may enchant a finger with the oil and seize an opportunity during games to put the girl's grass skirt and insert his finger in her vagina."

Now, that may seem like a pretty sneaky thing to do to a poor unsuspecting maiden, but at least she will get the point (no pun intended) of what he is trying to convey to her. Blunt as this approach may seem, it apparently works for, according to available native lore, once the lad has given her the enchanted finger the girl is a goner.

THOSE TRADITIONAL fortune-tellers, the gypsies, have been using sex magic for hundreds of years and it is interesting to note that among Eastern European gypsies the rituals are the same today as they were during Medieval times. In his definitive work on this mysterious people, H. V. Winstock gives the following description of a bit of gypsy sex magic involving a human effigy:

"If a maiden wishes to compel a certain boy to love her, she forms a human magic out of the paste, with which she further mixes, if possible, hair, spit, blood, nails, etc. of the beloved man. Then she puts his name on the image. The figure is then buried in the ground at the cross roads when the moon is waning, and the girl urinates on the place and says these words: 'Peter, Peter, I love thee: when thy image is rotten thou shalt run after me, my dearest, as the dog runs after the bitch!'"

Well—that's one way to get Peter. The Australian aborigines, genetic hangovers from the Stone Age, hardly strike the armchair traveler as types who would bother their ugly little heads over romance. Yet, among the Arunta tribe love charms and sex magic are big business.

The main talker employed to lure relat-





antiveners is a prized shell ornament called a Lonka-lonka. To start the magic jumping, a man takes his Lonka-lonka to a secluded place and sings a song over it, coaxing the lightning to enter the ornament. Then he hangs it on a stick near the tribal dancing spot until midnight.

When the tribe has assembled around the fire he hangs the charmed Lonka-lonka from a belt cinched about his otherwise naked body so that it dangles just above his genitalia. What then follows, according to W. B. Spencer and F. J. Giffin (*The Native Tribes of Central Australia*), is a performance so provocative that it causes the genitals of the coveted female to erupt in a veritable earthquake of passion:

"While he is dancing the woman who he wishes to attract alone sees the lightning flashing on the Lonka-lonka, and all at once her internal organs shake with emotion. If possible she will creep into his camp that night or take the earliest opportunity to run away with him."

If this is not possible, one can only presume that she is doomed to lie there indefinitely with her internal organs shaking.

THE RAMA SUTRA of *Vatsyana*, that venerable Hindu guidebook to sexual Shuang-li, is replete with rituals and potions for converting romantic indifference into feckless passion. One of the most amusing of these sure-fire formulae is a little number that hedges the bet in both directions: "If a man cuts into small pieces the sprouts of the vajrasanki plant and dips them into a mixture of red arsenic and sulphur, and then dries them seven times, and applies this powder mixed with honey to his lingam (penis), he can subjugate a woman to his will directly he has had sexual union with her... or if he throws some of the powder of these same sprouts, mixed with the excrement of a monkey, upon a maiden, she will not be given in marriage to anybody else."

That last part, at least, sounds as if it ought to work. After all, almost nobody wants to marry a girl who is all bespattered with monkey excrement.

Certain folklores appear again and again in the lore of sex magic. Knots, for example, have been considered down through the ages to possess such powers. It was a favorite trick of Medieval witches to render a bridegroom sexually impotent by tying a knot. The limp lover would then be forced to pay a large bribe in order to get the witch to untie the knot. Since impotence is almost always of psychological origin, it is not surprising that this form of extortion proved highly successful.

Perhaps the most curious of sex amulets and one which has been used for centuries by widely separated civilizations is the "bull-roarer." Actually an elongated flat stick with rounded ends, the bull-roarer gives out a weird growling sound when whirled about rapidly at the end of a string. Perhaps because of its phallic shape the bull-roarer is identified in love charms with the penis, and anthropologist Ursula McConnell likens the rhythmic swinging of the instrument to the surges of sexual passion leading up to the orgasm.

Western Europe that has taken place during the fifty, World War-torn years, the peasants in the more remote hinterlands still live much as they have for centuries and retain their age-old superstitions. Many of them still believe in magic, especially that which applies to matters of love and sex. In his book *Love as Action*, Fernando Henriquez presents a kind of catalogue of erotic magic procedures practiced in remote areas of Europe today.

"In peasant Germany animals figure in much love magic," he writes. "For example, the lover sticks a needle through two mating frogs. With this needle he then attaches the cloths of his beloved to his own for an instant. The result is to gain her love forever."

"One of the most interesting European beliefs is in the efficacy of human sweat to arouse passion. There seems to be a connection with the sweating produced in copulation. At any rate it is a common belief that a garment impregnated with one's sweat will, placed in contact with someone else's, arouse desire... An almost unique practice in some parts of Germany is the placing of a biscuit or apple in the vulva overnight so that it becomes saturated in sweat. This is then given to the lover next day. If he eats it, passion for his lady consumes him. Amongst Czech peasants, hair from the amplex is sometimes baked in little cakes, which have the power to make whoever eats them fall in love with the owner of the hair. More common is the practice in France for a man to carry a swallow's heart on his penis which ensures success with all women. In the same way the Yugoslav temptress will carry a bat under her left shoulder, which makes all men fall in love with her."

IT IS CHARACTERISTIC of sex magic that some of the weirdest materials imaginable are called for in preparations calculated to drive the asexual one mad with reciprocal desire.

In Central Samatra, for example, the "in" thing is elephant sperm, which the natives maintain is most effective when smeared on the body

or garments of the love target.

Several problems come immediately to mind. Firstly, how does one persuade an indifferent prospective lover to hold still for being massaged with elephant sperm? Secondly, how does one come by a supply of this powerful "medicine?"

Simply tethering an elephant with stout chains and then proceeding to milk it of its sperm would not do the trick, for the rules say that, in order to be efficacious the sperm must be obtained "just at the moment when the animal is about to copulate but is frightened by someone."

Frightening a tamescent bull elephant just as he is about to copulate would seem like a rather certain and money form of suicide and it is a safe bet that few lonely hearts, even in Samatra, are desperate enough to go the elephant sperm route in order to work their sex magic.

But so much for love charms in faraway places. The question naturally arises as to whether, and to what extent, sex magic flourishes in modern America.

To be sure, it is all around us—although it is hardly the sort of thing one would tout openly. Still, sex magic is available to those who feel the need of such bolstering and are prepared to pay.

In the Watts area of Los Angeles, for example, there is a small shop packed full of charms, amulets, powders and potions—many of which are alleged to be effective for kindling passion in the genitals of the romantically indifferent. A black magic shop in Minneapolis offers similar aids among its merchandise. In the French Quarter of New Orleans, where voodoo was once rampant, it is still possible to purchase amulets to further one's sex and/or love life.

And should you ask a typical Madison Avenue wizard whether he believes in sex magic his answer may surprise you.

"Of course!" he will snarl. "It's all a matter of using the right deodorant."



"Doc says that bullet will have to come out. Why don't I give you something to bite on..."







# Latin Adventure

Lupe Lopez classically  
illustrates the meaning of  
Spanish Romance...



THE WORD "LATIN" to some people (dusty old English professors) means the basis of many languages—but to action-people, it means Romance: the beauty of Spanish señoritas, soft guitars, misty nights and quiet haciendas. Lupe Lopez (35-24-35) is the very personification of these things—all in one delectably-Latin, deliciously-alive package. She's a señorita who makes a man want to jump the nearest freighter for Spain...





## DRAGON, from page 51

white water, with rock-echoes screaming old women along the hull of his vessel, and tearing gauged gulches of darker deepness along the plunking, but throats!

Griffin, who chuckled with merriment at his grandeur, his stature, his chosen-brother, who had risked the lives of all his men for the moment of forever to be gained on that island. And winning! Making his wiger with eternity, and winning—for an instant, before the great ship struck the buried rocks, and tore away the bottom of the ship, and the survivors in an instant, and his men who trusted him not to gamble them away so cheaply, waited till their screams became water-logged, and were gone, and Griffin felt himself lifted, tossed, hurled, firing like a bit of soot and the thought that landed, consumed, gnawed him in rage and frustration that he had defeated the strenuous struts, but had lost his men, his ship, even himself, by the treachery of his own self-esteem: that he had gloated over his wonderousness, that reality had sent him whapping further inshore, to be dashed on rocks; and the bitterness welled in him as he struck the water with a paralyzing crash, and sank immediately beneath the boiling white-faced waves.

Out on the reefs, the wind-veiled, with its adamantite trim, with its oryx and alabaster sails, with its marvelous magical swiftness, sank beneath the waters without a trace—

(unless those silent insane *strenuous* walk were the sounds of man thickened helplessly to an open coffin)

and all that could be heard was the pounding war drums of the waves, and the gutted, emptying, shell keens of an animal whose throat had been slashed—the sound of the colors fading back to their million bars around the universe. Still they would be called again. Then after a while, even the waters smothered.

CRICKETS COISSIED shamelessly, close beside his head. He awoke to find his eyes open, staring up into a pale, eadaworous paper-thin air-curt that was the moon. Clouds scudding across its mottled slowness sent strange shadows washing across the night sky, the beach, the jungle, Warren Glazer Griffin.

Well, I certainly missed that up, was his first thought, and in an instant the thought was gone, and the Nordic god-man's thoughts superimposed more strenuously. Griffin felt his arms out wide on the white sand, and scrooped them across the

clinging grains till he was able to jock himself up, straining his back heavily. Propped on elbows, legs spread-eagled before him, he stared out to sea, to the great barrier wall that encircled the island, and scanned the dark expanse for some sign of ship or man. There was nothing. He let his mind linger for long moments on the vanity and age that had cost so many lives.

Then he climbed painfully to his feet, and turned to look at the island. Jungle rose up in a thick treacherous tangle, as high as the contemplative moon, and the warp of dark vine tracery merged with a wool of sounds. Matted sounds, beats, insects, night birds, unnameable sounds that clattered and rasped and howled and shrieked—even as his men had shrieked—and the scent-sound of moss must be ripped from the carcass of an unburied soil creature was predominant. It was a living jungle, a presence in itself.

He pulled an sword, and struck at the moon. He saw a shadow showed sand toward the rim edge of the tangle. In there somewhere, waited the girl, and the mini-devil, and the presence of life forever, here in this best of all possible worlds, his own Heaven, which he had made from filaments of dream.

Yet the dream seemed singularly nightmare, for the jungle resisted him, clawed at him, tempted yet rebuffed him. Griffin found himself hacking at the thick-fleshed moored and unmoored wall of foliage with growing fury. In, even white teeth, beautifully matched and level, locked in a solid channel band, and his eyes narrowed with frenzy. The hours melted into a shapeless colloid, and he could not tell whether he was making his way through the dense greenness, or standing still while the jungle crawled imperceptibly toward him, flitting in behind the cloths he was hacking away. And darkness, suffocating, in the jungle.

Abruptly, he lunged forward against a singularly rugged matting of interlocked tree banches, and hurled himself through the break, at a full sway, reverting. He was in the clear. At the top of a rise that fell away below him in siltily-curved seethings, toward a rushing stream of gently-whispering white water. Around small stones it roiled, gathering speed, a gentle moist animal streaking toward a lake.

Griffin found himself atop down the hill, toward the bank of the stream, and as he ran, his body grew more and more his own. The hill grew up behind him, and the stream came toward him with gentleness, and he was there: time was another

thing here, not forced, not necessary, a pastel passage, without hard edges.

He followed the stream, skirting banks of thickets and trees that seemed to be windwrept in their topmost branches, and the stream became a river, and the river rushed to rapids, and then suddenly there were falls. Not great thundering falls down which men might be swept in fragile canoes, but murmuring ledges and sweeps down which the white water surged sweetly, carrying things of color from the banks, carrying vagrant loads and blades of grass, gently, tenderly, comfortably. Griffin stood silently, watching the waterfall, sensing more than he saw, understanding more than even his senses could tell him. This was, indeed, the Heaven of his dreams, a place to spend the rest of forever, with the wind and the water and the world another place, another level of being, another had dream done many long times before. This was reality, an only reality for a man whose existence had been not only utterly mysterious, but hardly touching. For a man who had lived a life of not-quite-enough, this was all that there ever could be of goodness and brilliance and light. Griffin moved toward the falls.

The darkness grew darker. Glowing in the moonless whimping darkness, Griffin saw a shape that could only have come from his dreams. The girl, naked white against the ledges and slopes of the fall, water cascading down her back, across her thighs, cool against her belly, her hand laid back and white water bubbling through it, touching each strand, silkily stirring it with moisture; her eyes closed in simple pleasure, that face, the right face, the special face, the certain face of the girl he had always looked for without looking, hunched silently for, with single crowd imperceptibly toward him, flitting in behind the cloths he was hacking away. And darkness, suffocating, in the jungle.

It was the woman his finest motives had needed to make them valid; the woman who not only gave to him, but to whom he could give; the woman of memory, of desire, of youth, of mindlessness, of completion. A dream. And here, against the soft-speaking babbling water, a reality. Glowing invisibly in the night, the girl raised a hand languidly and with joy, simple unspoken joy, and Griffin started toward her as

the mini-devil materialized. Out of the loam spray, out of the night, out of the suddenly rising chill fog and vapor and cloud-dance, out of stardust and evil mists without proper names, the devil that guarded this woman of visions, materialized. Great, gigantic, massive, rising higher

and higher, larger, more intensely defined against raghnass, the devil spread across the sky in a towering, smooth-edged reality.

Great sad eyes, the white molting carapace of smooth white wings, the winds blew. A brow massive leaded furrows drawing down in uncious pleasure at sight of the girl, creature that horrendous, creature this gigantic, hansen with white flesh? The thought wilted like a poisoned red rose. The fear of Griffin's mind, like a small creature with one leg torn off, pain and blood-red ganglia of conception, then lost itself in the bitersweet crypt beneath thought: too repugnant, too monstrous for continued examination. And the mini-devil rose and rose and expanded, and below-his chest to horizon-filling proportions. Griffin felt back into shadows lest he be seen.

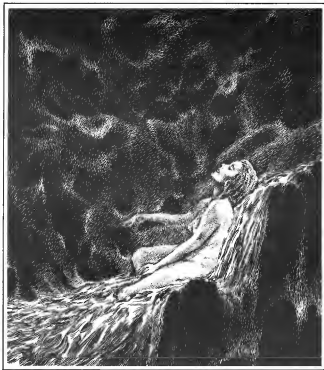
More, greater, still more massive it rose, filling the night sky till it obscured the moon, till nightbirds flew in its fire, till the stars themselves became the very stars served it as exhalations of breath. The mouth of a massive maw magnified, was its mouth. Terror and fear and whimpers from far under ground were the lines of character in a face inhumanly old, ancient, decayed with a time that could not be called time by men. And it was one with this woman. It consorted, filthy hansen, subliminal haunted pleasure gaudal wrappings, it and woman, force incarnate and gentle label measures. That the terrible dark-hanger of a million billion tons of forced assistance.

The forever paramour, the eternally lecher, the consumed-by-desire that rose and rose and bloomed the world with its bulk. The mini-devil Warren Glazer Griffin had to kill, before he could live, a god-dilled balloon of

Griffin stood back in shadows, trembling within the golden body he wore. Now, abruptly, he was two men once again. The god with his sword, the mortal with his fear. And he swore to himself that he could not do it, could not even crying out, that poor glorious shell and could not, and was terribly afraid. But then, as he watched, the mini-devil imploded, drew in upon himself, shrank shrink shrank down and down and down into a smaller tighter center less infinitely tiny reple of himself, like a gas-filled balloon suddenly released from the hand of a child, whispering, snapping, sprinting through the air growing smaller as a lost its matted essence...

And the mini-devil became the size of a man. And it went to the woman.





And they made love.

Griffin watched in dismay and loathing as the creature that was age, that was right, that was fear, that was everything save the word *human*, placed hands on white breasts, gloved lips on pliant red mouth, placed thighs stroked belly, and the woman's arms came up, and embraced the creature of *always*, and they looked in swirling union, there in the white bubbling water, with the stars shimmering overhead and the moon a blanking madhouse careening down a sinkhole of space, as Warren Glazer Griffin watched the woman of all his thoughts take in the manhood of something anything but man. And silently, like a foolproof Griffin crept up behind the devil of man, looked in trampling consummation of desire, and locking his wet and sticky hands about the hip of the weapon, he

raised it up over his head, spread-eagled like an executioner, and drove the blade viciously, but at an angle, down down down and with the thud-rapting crunch of metal through meat, into and out the other side of the neck of the creature.

It drew in a hideous world-load of air, gasping it up and into torn flesh, a rattling disordered neck-straining blowfish reek of air, that ended with a sound so high and pathetic that skin pricked up and down Griffin's cheeks, his neck, his back, and the monstrous creature reached off to nowhere to grill out the insane iron that had destroyed him, and the hand went to another location, and the blade was ripped free by Griffin, as the devil rose off the woman, dripping blood and dripping life away in every instant, careening down the falls with

deathly stars of all-colored blood in the wake, and turned once, to stare full into Griffin's face with a look that denounced him:

From behind!

From behind!

Was gone. Was dead. Was floated down waterfalls to deep stygian pools of refuse and rubble and rest. To salt bottomed where nothing mattered, but gone.

Leaving Warren Glazer Griffin to stand with blood that had spurted up across his wide golden chest, staring down at the woman of his dreams, whose eyes were contracted with frenzy and fear. All the dream organs of his life, all the wild couplings of his adolescent nightmares, all the warm and bingers and needs of his woman sermons, were here.

The girl gave only one shrill howl before he took her. He had thought

all during the frantic struggle and just at the penetration: woman where shadower motherly over and over and over and over and

when he rose from her, the eyes that stared back at him, like leaves in snow, on the first day of winter. Empty winds howled down out of the tundra of his soul. This was the cherted house of his finest fantasies. The burial ground of his future. The garbage dump, the slain meat, the patrefying reality of his dreams and his Heaven.

Griffin stumbled away from her, hearing the shrieks of men needlessly drowned by his vanity, hearing the voiceless accusation of the devil proclaiming cowardice, hearing the orgasm-condemnation of lust that was never love, of brute desire that was never affection, and realizing at last that these were the real substances of his nature, the true faces of his sins, the marks in the ledger of a life he had never led, yet had worshipped silently at an altar of evil to enjoy.

All these thoughts, as the guardian of Heaven, the keeper at the gate, the claimer of souls, the weigher of balances, advanced on him through the night.

Griffin looked up and had but a moment to realize he had not succeeded in winning his Heaven... as the seventy-eight foot creature he could have called nothing less than a dragon, opened its mouth that was all the world and judgment, and ground him to senseless pulp between rows of triple-fanged teeth.

WHEN THEY dug the body out of the alley, it made even the hardiest construction workers and emergency squad dogs ill. Not one bone was left unbroken. The very flesh seemed to have been annihilated by a nation of cannibal dogs. Even so, the three innard excavators who finally used winding shears and shovels to bring the shapeless mass up from its eleven foot grave, agreed that it was incredible. Totally past belief, that the head and face were unscathed.

And they all agreed that the expression on the face was not one of happiness. There were many possible explanations for that expression, but none of them would have had terror, for it was not terror. They would not have said helplessness, for it was not that either. They might have settled on a pathetic sense of loss, had their sensibility run that deep, but none of them would have felt that the expression said, with great finality, a man may truly live in his dreams, his nebulous dreams, but only, only if he is wiser of those dreams.

It did not rain that night, anywhere in the known universe. ☾







# THE NIGHT IS FOR RUNNING

by Allan Nixon

I KNEW IT WAS going to hurt to open my eyes. My first hangover in nearly a year was waiting for me, like the proverbial avenging angel, to rouse my will and face it. For nearly ten minutes, since I had come awake against my will, I had lain in the sack with my thoughts—black thoughts of guilt and retribution—trying vainly to hide themselves in the dark behind my closed lids.

The new-old pain I would feel when my eyes opened would be of the physical variety. The shakes, the desiccation already thickening my tongue and pouring what seemed to be hot sand down my throat instead of saliva, would replace the mental anguish. I would be substituting one suffering for another.

I raised my burning lids. They came apart as if they had been sealed with glue, and the stripes of morning sun leaking through the Venetian blinds stung them, brought the searing tears out of their ducts.

Christ, how could I have done this to Joyce? I reviled myself as I walked barefooted on an old man's legs across the gray linoleum to the bathroom-colored bathrooms.

I tried to recreate the events of last night in my fevered mind as I spread shivering lather over my chin with shuddering fingers. But even awake I kept walking down the same dark street, crashing into the same dead end in my thinking as I had lying in the bed, squinting my eyes shut against the day I had to face eventually.

It wasn't just falling off the wagon, jeopardizing my chance of having the California Bar Association rescind the disbarment they had imposed on me for common drunkenness over a year ago. It was what I had done to Joyce... and me... if she found out.

"Try Alcoholics Anonymous. Stay sober one year," had been the Bar Association's answer to my appeal, "and we will reconsider your case!" The year was eighteen days away—less than three long weeks and I had slipped. All the signed affidavits, pleadings and recommendations of my fellow A.A. members would go down the toilet with any chance I had left of making a living, marrying Joyce, if anyone in an official capacity had seen me.

The safety razor skinned as my nerves jerked and I drew blood just under my nose. Stopped, hell, I thought, cursing myself silently. Spurred by ego-infected libido, I had

taken a high dive from the height April Storm's sensuous come-on had lifted me to. And landed on my can with a wet alcoholic splash that must have inundated the Sunset Strip. I couldn't rationalize it. I hadn't been pushed. I had jumped. Just as surely as any crazed suicide—with the death of my career, instead of my life, waiting at the bottom of the drop. I gave up trying to shave, washed the pink-tinged soap away with cold water, and tried to blame April Storm for the massive degradation was pumping into my stomach like acid. But I couldn't pin the rap on the inebriated screen beauty of Joyce. She was an abba, not an excuse. She hadn't held my nose and forced the booze down my throat.

Once she had indicated her availability to me, soaked a fire in my groin, then provoked me, on top of that first Goddamned taste of bourbon, I was gone. I had started guarding the stuff as if I had been restrained to drink it.

I stared at my swayed face in the fly-specked mirror that was standard equipment in the bathrooms of the Hotel Aztec, that shabby heap of brooks, which crunched in the shadows of a dark alley off Cahuenga as though hiding. But there was nothing bashful about the painted legend on its dirty brick front that gave away your secret. You were making your home in a hostelry boasting ROOMS \$1.00 PER DAY SPECIAL WEEKEND ASTER. For guests not too fussy, the dirty faded lettering told you.

The half-shut, pouch-encased eyes of Grady Tohn, counselor-at-law, (retired) age forty, looking fifty today, stared back at the astoundingly. At its best I never considered it an attractive face, and it amazed me that Joyce did. Today it was ugly—as distorted and gruesome as the blurred thoughts harassing my conscience at its seams.

I remembered arriving at the Bel Air home of April Storm, the swivel-backed, bulging-bowed, blonde vestal of the screen. It had not been my first visit to the ostentatious estate, but, I reflected sourly, it might well be my last. Joyce Austin was, until last night—my fiancée, and she was April Storm's confidential secretary.

When April, whom I had met only once before—the same night I met Joyce, some three months previously—greeted me at the door last evening, she had been clad in a swirl of frothy

nylon, a pink tease, only slightly fainter in hue than the apples tantalizingly visible beneath it. She was about three drinks short of the condition necessary to have a drunk driving charge placed against her—if she had been steering a car.

Steering, she was, in another way. Steering me toward the bedroom. I found out almost immediately. I stood at the door, and watched her moisten her lips with the tip of a tongue that was in harmony with the pink color scheme of the negligee and the apples. Her cobalt blue eyes were dim and scandal. If I hadn't smelled the alcohol emanating from her, I'd have called them bedroom eyes. I mentally catalogued them as drekoning eyes, but their effect was just as devastating to a man on the receiving end of their shameless gaze.

"Come in," she purred, stepping back. I crossed the threshold.

"I'm here to see—"

"Joyce can't hear."

"But we were supposed to go to dinner."

She pouted. "Please, don't be mad at April. Joyce told me that. But there was a script at the beach house—in Malibu—I just had to have a script."

"Oh," I said. My throat was dry and I was trying to moisten my own lips. I couldn't pull my fascinated eyes away from the globes of flesh that glistened as she sighed.

"I wish I had a big, strong guy like you to have dinner with." Her eyes were round now, anxious.

I knew she had to be putting me on "Corny, Miss Storm," I said, sniffing. I hoped, easily "The goddess of millions, the harlequin symbol of American womanhood wanting for a dinner date."

She turned her back to me, writhed her way down the thickly carpeted hall "May I tell you something, Grady?" To my surprise I was right behind her. With no conscious volition I had followed the beckoning, gyrating backside. When it sunk in that she had remembered my name, I limped like a schoolboy as she stopped moving, turned to face me. "I'm lonely. I have no one."

Luella and Helga had been bad. I thought wryly. Miss Storm was linked with a man in the columns almost daily ever since she had first flashed to prominence some five years earlier. I had been told, I told

/turn the page

IT WAS A PLAIN CASE OF MURDER,  
AND HE WAS TORTURED BY GUILT  
BUT WERE THE CRIME AND  
THE GUILT REALLY HIS?



myself steadily, if I let her get away with that.

"With all due respect, Miss Storm, may I say something?"

She nodded at my necktie. The knot was level with her eyes. I spoke down into the shoulder length, hay-colored tresses. "I don't believe you," I said lightly.

She made an almost imperceptible movement, and I realized how close we were standing. Her cheeks were pressed against mine. Her face was upturned and her mouth was open wider than necessary to form the words. "Let me prove you're wrong."

I might as well have commanded the sun not to rise next day, the ocean to stop ebbing as they to order my reflexes to ignore the attraction. The kiss was wet, wild and mesmerizing.

My tongue started to say "But Joyce..." when it got tangled up with hers, and whatever I was trying to say came out as a muffled groan. Somehow my cupped hands found her squirming buttocks and her fingers were scratching my back. I could feel the sharpness of the nails through the thin fabric of my jacket.

Suddenly I was thrusting at empty space. April had slid out of my grasp and backed off a few feet. Her eyes flashed now, no longer fogged over.

Then she had gone into her bedroom. Her parting chat had been: "Have a slug of booze, Grady. If you need to get your nerve up, you'll find it in the den—whatever it takes, help yourself!"

That was just the crazy way it happened. I didn't even give a flinching thought to my hard-earned abstinence. Maybe it was the guilt that I had betrayed Joyce even this much that made my jangled nerves cry out for the anesthetic. Maybe I knew being drunk would excuse me to myself if I did what my sex glands were telling me I wanted to do—pounce this woman that every male in the world capable of timidity would give ten years of his life to get in to bed.

My guard was down and I was helpless to resist what April offered me: herself—and her booze.

SITTING ON the bed now, in the middle of my personal silk row—the Hotel Astor—I told myself if I hadn't taken the first drink, the drink, the blackout that followed would never have occurred. I'd never know. All I knew was that I had assuaged down the drink, my mood, my Joyce down with it and my chance for maintenance in my profession—and had casually, simultaneously tossed away 11 months and 12 days of uninterrupted sobriety.

I REMEMBERED April, walking into the den where I sat slouched on a bar stool. She was wearing a green-

colored silk dress with a high Mandarin neckline, but the top two sections, her much publicized measurements were not camouflaged by her attire. The dress fitted smoothly, slanting down to a slit by her knee. Her gleaming hair was piled high in a tangled heap atop her head, and her smile was demure. "I waited for you in the boulevard, I got bored. The least you can do is buy me a drink."

There were many bars, a jumble of people and multi-colored neon twisting together in kaleidoscopic formations, shrieking female voices, boisterous male ones, thumping sounds of restless music, and my last remembrance of a bar—the smell of sweaty bodies crowded together, pushing in, threatening to trample in at

same time, to see if I could locate my car. Crossing the room, I looked for signs of her—a hipacked cigarette butt in the overloaded metal tray on the dresser, a hairpin. I had my hand on the cord, just about to pull the blind all the way up to scan the street for my car, hoping if it was there, it was undamaged. Christ, I had been warned in A.A. that black-outs were poisonous. I had never known one like this before.

My head grew light and I nearly fainted as the thoughts elated through my mind that I might have killed someone in a hit-and-run accident. I stood there quivering, not moving, the knock came again, louder.

"Come on, Toin. Let's not do



Whiskey A-Go-Go!

Then, we were sitting in her Lincoln on Clark Street a couple of blocks above Whiskey A-Go-Go. I remember following her in my heap, from cafe to cafe, and we had both parked up the hill because the parking lot was jammed to capacity.

The film running through my mental projector ran out, and the scene before my brain went white and empty right here. This was the dead end I had been backing over since I had awakened. There was a blurred memory of her tongue darting into my mouth, then words grating in my ear, reciting a litany of vulgarity with word underlines of sentiment. The tight dress had napped as we wrestled for the desired position. I could still recall the shriek of the tearing silk—and that was all.

MY CAR? Had I driven home? Had April Storm slept in my bed with its pillowcase sheets? I walked toward the window, sweating and cold at the

the hard way. This joint's disfigured enough, why make us look the door?"

I reached for the knob, turned it, and fell back as two detectives bailed through the door. I knew the tall one, Hank Morgan, he'd been a waitress against a client of mine when I was practicing. The soft, fat one behind him, wearing a Hawaiian shirt over his slacks, looked familiar. But the gun he held on me didn't. I had never before looked into the black hole of a patrol barrel from this terrifying angle.

My vital organs shifted around inside of me. Good God! I thought wildly. I raped her—or I tried to and killed her when she resisted.

The shakes hit me so hard I had to press my hands together in an attitude of prayer, and I sank onto the bed.

Morgan said, "If you're praying, it's a bad idea, counselor. His emphasis on counselor made it sound like an obscene word.

I gritted my teeth to stop them

from clicking audibly. "What's the gun for, Morgan? Are they shooting drivers that day?"

"Lieutenant Morgan," he corrected. He waved a hand toward his companion. "That's Smith. He's a sergeant."

"Congratulations, Sergeant," I said with a discrepancy that didn't come off. "Are you recently promoted?"

His lips smiled at me, but his eyes were as empty as closed doors. "I've been a sergeant for six and a half years," he said. "If it matters."

"It does, in a way," I said. "A man who's been stuck in a rank that long might be lacking in something. Maybe control. I wouldn't like that gun to go off in it. It really really scares me."

"That's what we're here to find out, Strain-in," said Morgan. His face hardened as he pulled his mouth tightly into a thin line.

"If I can help you, be my guest." "Where did you last see April Storm?" he asked quietly. "And when?"

What the hell had she said about me, what had happened to her? I thought frantically.

"I feel like a contestant on the 64-Dollar-Question-Show," I stalled, while invisible, agitated fingers played at my brain, trying to unearth answers. "At least the contestant gets to know the category. What category do your questions come under?"

"That show's not on anymore," Morgan said. "Let's try To Tell The Truth."

I skirted my eyes, pretended to be posing my memory for cross-examination. The only thought in my woolly head was that I was in a hell of a spot. If I admitted I had been drunk and couldn't remember anything after the revelry in April's Lincoln, I could kiss it all goodbye—my profession, Joyce.

As if tamed on my thought waves, Morgan said casually, "There's only two types who have memory lapses, if that's what you're working on—drunks and senility cases. You ain't that old. Bitter. If you say you were stoned, your license goes up the spout for good."

I scratched a grin. My only way out was to bluff. If they called my hand, the game was over for me. The pot was my whole future. "I've got to puke," I said weakly and truthfully.

"So puke," Morgan said. I felt his eyes and Smith's gun on my back as I hurried toward the bathroom. I held back the sour taste rising in my mouth by concentrating on the street outside, which I glanced at out of the side of my eye as I leaned against the tiny window next to the john.

My '54 Chevy sat in the empty lot below, the paint peeling, the chrome rusted. But otherwise it was unmarred.

I felt more secure when I came out of the bathroom. I had rid myself of the naumes while kneeling be-



fore the cracked, discolored howl. I still felt weak and I was trembling violently, but knowing I hadn't been in an accident rendered some of the guts I had nearly degraded when I threw up moments before.

"Now, counselor?" Morgan asked in a mock-gruff voice. "The answers to the questions? When and where?"

I felt foolish sitting there with nothing but the skimpy hotel towel hiding what it could of my nakedness. Suddenly I wanted to talk, get them to leave me alone with my misery.

"I'm the front seat of my car, that's where I'm from."

Morgan laid a glance over to Smith, whose blank expression didn't change.

"It must have been about two A.M.," I said glibly. "Then I got in my own car and drove home."

"Did you wait for her to drive away?"

I shook my head. "Should I have?"

"Maybe," he said thoughtfully.

"Did you have intercourse with her?" he said bluntly.

"A gentleman never tells," I said with a lightness I didn't feel.

"Then he's a fool," he said ominously.

"No. I didn't."

"What shape was she in when you left her?" he said.

I glanced from him to Smith. Smith's eyes had come alive. This was an answer he couldn't help showing an interest in.

"What shape?" I repeated. "The same as on the screen, Lieutenant. You've seen it, haven't you? It's a dream."

"Okay, Toth, we've caught your act. And it stinks. Get dressed."

I wasn't ready for that. "Look, Lieutenant, I wasn't trying to be funny. It's just that I don't know what you want from me, what's happened. I'll answer. The shape she was in? She was dead drunk."

"She was just dead," he said flatly.

"Smith, get his tags together. He seems too sick to pick them up himself."

"Dead?" I said hollowly, my features cold and stiff. "Dead?" I echoed myself.

My sweaty shirt from the night before hid me in the face as Smith threw it at me.

"Dead," said Morgan.

I SAT ACROSS the desk from Morgan in the interrogation room of the Hollywood Police Station and talked. Babbled what a better word I wasn't trying to spar with him anymore. He had me on the ropes and we both knew it. We had shocked our pockets, and Morgan was sweating right along with me. Smith sat in a corner, his chair tilted back. His eyes were hooded, horned-looking. The 38 had disappeared somewhere beneath the flowered shirt. A uniformed cop, who looked like an over-

grown boy scout, was taking down our words.

Morgan had begun by asking me when and how I lost met April—and Joyce Austin.

I went back a couple of years—to Norma who had sent me going: birth to the million son, I, the self-proclaimed I had well-loved, in the camp into drunkenness... drunkenness that eventually cost me my right to practice law when state and ignored clients brought my irresponsibility and negligence to the attention of the Bar Association. During the year that I must elope before my case could be reconsidered, I started taking ads in a Hollywood paper that ran *Answers received. I'll handle personal matters in discreet fashion. Fees reasonable.* I had done a few odd jobs—like searching out titles to true druds, tracing missing men, routine change my war clerk could handle. Until the night, my midnight, my exchange called and I found myself conversed with a hysterical woman who claimed to be April Storm, the film star.

When I reached the Bel Air mansion, I found an intoxicated man body-slumping in the front door, cursing, shouting threats. He was as wet inside as the weather. He turned out to be a weak-looking but husky man named Stewart Rhineland. I got this information spat at me, as I held him bent over with a hammerlock.

Once whoever was inside had ascertained I had the triceratops Rhineland, he begged, the door opened, spilling light on us, obscuring the one who had opened it.

"Bring him in here," a woman's authoritative voice said.

The pale, ethereal looking brunette who admitted us was, I learned later, Joyce Austin. In the living room, I could see Rhineland's boots-kissed face more clearly, and I tied it up with his name. He was a golf professional, who had won a few tournaments, moved into the fast Hollywood circles and disappeared from the tournament scene. The last I heard of him he was a teaching pro at Joe Kirkwood's Pritch and Putt course in the Valley.

Joyce disappeared, and Rhineland sat silently regarding me with open hostility until she came back April Storm, disarrayed by—and consumed for—sleep, was with her Rhineland. I gathered from Joyce was April's ex-husband. Ten minutes later I was guiding him out the door while wailing up my lecture on the inadvisability of violating the restraining order the Court had imposed upon him. By the time he bent his head into the rain and headed for his car, he was well aware of the fact that he could have made the buckler of April had wanted to call the law. I had delivered my little speech as my best legal manner, and he hadn't given me any back talk.

(over on page 48)

## Editor's Notebook

**AGAIN**, as is its custom and avowed intent, KNIGHT presents in this issue a veritable bonanza of top-grade writing talents. We are honored to publish on page 26, THE AFFAIR AT 7, BUT OF ME—, an off-beat fantasy, at once charming and hair-raising, by America's greatest living story-teller, JAMES STEINBERG. Written in a style that is more de Maupassant than traditional Steinbeck, the Nobel Prize-winning author has fashioned an absorbing tale stemming from an irresponsible poem. Only a writer of his formidable technical skill could have pulled it off.

IN THE FASCINATING FACT department we present, on page 84, an almost science-fiction type of prophecy for the not-too-distant future, THE NEW MAN—UNDERWATER, by world-famous oceanographer, JACQUES-YVES COUSTEAU. Winner of two Academy Awards for his spectacular films, "The Silent World" and "World Without Sun," Cousteau predicts that we are on the brink of developing a new breed of man capable of living and breathing underwater for indefinite periods, without the aid of mechanical devices.



IT IS A PLEASURE to welcome to the pages of KNIGHT the work of ALLAN KNIGHT, whose story, THE NIGHT IS FOR RUNNING, appears on page 58. A former actor who started in 12 film, as well as on the stage and TV, Nixon sold his first novel, BURNED AS THE DAMNED, in 1963 and has pursued a rewarding free-lance writing career ever since. In the past year he has had 28 short stories published and is currently working on his seventh novel. You will be seeing more of his work in future issues of KNIGHT.

THE SKETCHING are another pairing which sparks the cover of the current KNIGHT in the work of the famous husband-wife team of New York artists, LEO & DANE ELSON. It is intended as the major illustration for HARLAN ELLISON's eerie tale, OCEANUS for a CROCODILIAN, which appears on page 30. In his preface to this most unusual exploration of another dimension, Ellison writes:

"I am freely convinced it is not merely a writer's prerogative or obligation to experiment with his work. It is a solemn duty. It has been my pleasure during the past few years of association with KNIGHT, to experiment with my fiction. By reader response—a necessary feedback of estimable value to a writer who cares—you have seemed to find what I attempted interesting and interesting. In many other magazines, such experimentation would not have been allowed, would indeed have been resented (falsely). The editors and publishers of KNIGHT have, quite rightly, given me my head, and inward with open attention the new personal directions I have tried to employ in stories submitted to them."

"Hence my affection and respect and gratitude for this magazine. "A specific case in point is OCEANUS for a CROCODILIAN. It is an experiment in style for me. The classic approach to the subject of man here in cooperation, not to writing, but to music. To the symphonic technique of John Coltrane, whose jazz solo has been termed "sheets of sound"—note upon note, layer upon layer, until a thickness of creation—in some ways a darkness of sound—results. This is what I have attempted in this story, to our considerably right for the type of story being told. It is an experiment, whose success I earnestly request you comment upon, to the editors of this magazine."

"In any case, it is to the credit of the KNIGHT staff and publishers that, as on us in which magazine publishing has become more and more a chance enterprise, populated chiefly by loose stories and inconsequential writing, the return to a quality, they are one of the few markets truly living up to a claim of daring and freedom."

Harlan Ellison

UPCOMING in this next issue of KNIGHT, in addition to an interesting change of format, is a dramatic story, THE MISHMOOSH, by RICHARD LUTHE, a tale of a charming rogue.



GEORGE, by RALPH STRUBIN, and another HARLAN ELLISON tale, LAYING, LAYING. In addition, KNIGHT will present a thought-provoking article by ANDRE MAUROIS, a striking photo essay on SMITH TAMMY WADE (Left)—as well as many other provocative stories, articles and photographs of the world's most beautiful models. Don't miss it!

Herb H. Lightman Editor



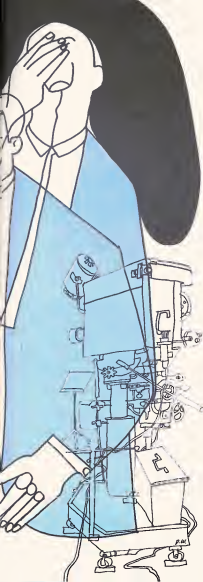


*The bloopers that slip past the lip are enough to turn the airwaves blue!*

# TANGLED TONGUES OF TV

*by E. V. Griffith*





IN THE EARLY YEARS of national radio broadcasting, one of the country's top announcers, Harry Von Zell, stepped before a microphone to introduce one of the best-known men in America. In the frantic seconds that followed, Von Zell's tongue twisted around the name he intended pronouncing, so that the introduction that went soaring out over the airwaves was: "Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States, Hoobert Hoover."

Since that memorable moment more than three decades ago, thousands of other unintentional slip-ups have startled the announcers who were responsible for them, and left listening audiences doubled up with laughter. Television has provided yet another nationwide communications medium where such verbal fluffs can occur—and do, with great frequency.

No matter how careful a broadcaster may be, his eyes and tongue can play ally tricks on him so that the words which come out are drastically different from the ones intended. The names of nationally-known personalities can get all botched up, and products whose brand names and slogans are practically household words end up being "promoted" in commercials which, as rendered, seem to knock rather than boost. Not only can a President be re-christened "Hoobert Hoover," but a widely-known slogan, such as the one used by Peppodent toothpaste, can be twisted into saying: "Yes! You'll wonder where your teeth went when you brush your yellow with Peppodent!"

Although most people make similar transpositions in their own speech from time to time, when such errors occur on radio or television, they seem doubly funny. Collecting these mistakes is a pleasurable pastime—and one man in New York, himself a radio and TV producer, even makes a business of it.

This enterprising New Yorker is Kermit Schafer, who claims credit for originating the term "blooper," by which these inadvertent slips of the lip are now generally known in broadcasting circles. Some students of word origins feel Schafer merely redefined an existing word rather than originated a new one, but the word has now become solidly a part of the American language. That Schafer is the nation's most avid pursuer of others' mis-spoken mistakes, no one disputes. He maintains a battery of tape recorders monitoring various programs in a constant quest for errors. The chunks of fools' gold which he garners by this systematic mining of the networks have been assembled into top-selling books and as long-play record albums. Thus "blooper-buffs" who missed them in their original airing still have a chance to enjoy them, not once, but as often as they choose. Like an exceptionally good joke, the best of these slipups can be just as funny the second—or even the third—time around.

"Bloopers" are also known by various other names: fluffs, flubs, bowlers, bouses. But whatever they are called, for those outside the communications field they equal sheer, pure delight. *Insiders* who have not yet goofed figuratively keep knocking on wood, aware that their turns may be coming. The threat of the blooper is an omnipresent hazard of the trade.

Neither a long record of flawless broadcasting experience, nor bell-clear enunciation are assurances that a slip might not occur at any time a speaker steps up to a mike. A seasoned veteran like Lowell Thomas can commit a fumble as easily as a novice. Thomas once experienced a tongue-tangle while pronouncing the name of British Board of Trade President Sir Stafford Crappa. The name came out "Sir Stifford Crappa."

One prominent newscaster finchingly recalls the time he referred to England's abdicated King Edward VIII and his American-born bride as "the Duck and Doochess of Windose." Another has never quite lived down the day in 1939 when, reporting the arrival of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth on their U.S. visit, he said: "You know their Majesties have ar-

/MMH the page



**TANGLED TONGUES**, from page 63  
raved when you hear a twenty-one-syllable "gaffe."  
Former Vice President Richard Nixon was once introduced as the "Price Vident," and the Governor of the Virgin Islands as "the Virgin of Governor's Island."

A political name that has given announcers a lot of trouble over the years is that of *Clare Booth Luce*. One newscaster who badly flubbed her name merely compounded his error when he attempted to correct it. Mrs. Luce—former Congresswoman from Connecticut, wife of *Life-Time-Fortune* publisher Henry B. Luce—served as American Ambassador to Italy during the Eisenhower Administration. Reporting on her homecoming, the newsmen declared: "A recent arrival back in New York after a stay abroad is the U.S. Ambassador to Italy, Miss Clare Booth Luce. . . I beg your pardon . . . that should be Mrs. Clare Luth Boose."

ENTERTAINMENT PERSONALITIES find their names in constant verbal jeopardy in the mouths of *newsmen* who report on their doings. The popular recording stars, the Inkspots, were once referred to as "The Stinkpots." Pop-cumstrut Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II heard themselves labeled as "two of America's best-known composers—Dodgers and Rammerstein."

Playwrights Howard Lindsay and Russell Crosse, co-authors of the long-run Broadway hit *Life With Father*, were, on one memorable occasion, referred to as "Crimsday and Louise."

Hollywood's glamour queens often exercise a disquieting influence on less-sophisticated announcers, with resultant pandemonium. Having sex-symbol Anita Ekberg only an arm's reach away excited one broadcaster so much that he committed a grand-slam flub of the kind that can haunt a man for the rest of his show business career. While such wholesale slip-ups do not occur very often, they indicate just how fabled up things can really get. An error in the first few words of the announcer's statement starts a chain reaction so that the subsequent

words of his sentence all go tumbling down like a standing row of dominoes when the first one is toppled. The Ekberg introduction, as broadcast, was "Jadies and gentlemen, here to way a few suds is Hollywood him star Ekita Neckberg."

Jayne Mansfield, one of Anita's big rivals in the Curvaceous Cuties Department, also gets announcers uncomfortably flustered. Jayne needn't even be present in person, her name alone does the trick. A Hollywood newsmen, reporting one of the many well-publicized squabbles between the sexy star and her musician ex-husband, Mickey Hargis, declared: "Despite these frequent riffs, I am sure Jayne has really loved Mickey since the day she first let him."

Another commentator, attempting to use the word "presty" in defending the pulchritudinous Jayne against her jealous detractors, came out with: "Some say Jayne Mansfield is not 'beneficial' in the true sense, but any fair-minded observer must admit she is titty."

A third Mansfield entry in the *Final-Up Sweepstakes*—unearthed by blooper-seeker Kermit Schafer—goes: "And here's the latest news from Hollywood, the movie capital. Just saw Jayne Mansfield's new picture, *With Success Spoil Rock Hunter*?, and I have surprising news for those of you who never thought Jayne had any acting ability. She gives a splendid performance. I wonder how Jayne's knockers feel now?"

THE WORLD of sports has had more than its share of tongue-tongued reporting. America's favorite sport, baseball, also leads the field in accounting for the greatest number of broadcasting errors.

As any baseball fan can tell you, a "switch hitter" is one who can bat with equal effectiveness from either side of the plate. Rugged Mickey Mantle is particularly adept at this. An excited sportscaster heralded Mantle's coming turn to bat with "And here comes Mickey Mantle, one of America's outstanding switch hitters."

Another announcer, giving a play-by-play account of a grudge game between two ladies' softball teams, related excitedly: "There's going to be plenty of excitement in this game, ladies and gentlemen. It's the top half of the third, the score is tied up at 4-4, and right now all of those bugs are loaded."

Some more baseball news that obviously didn't come out quite as intended disclosed: "The great Yankee catcher, Yogi Berra, was accidentally hit on the head today with a pitched ball. The ball struck Berra on the right temple and knocked him cold. X-ray pictures of his head showed nothing."

There is also the classic story of the post-game grandstand interview with a spectator in which the announcer asked the man which of the two teams he had been rooting for. The reply was: "Actually, neither of them. I'm just an athletic supporter."

The "sport of kings," horseracing, was the background for the following: "And now for a few brief racetrack items. Our roving reporter, Jed Grissom, was out at Hialeah this morning, talking to some of the riders. We now give you Jed Grissom, who will bring you his jockey shorts."

LOCAL RADIO AND TV stations make probably even more errors than the national networks. The home-talent broadcaster rarely has the years of painfully-won experience which earns for the "big boys" of the industry their exalted positions with the top networks. Another reason is that the local radio-jockey must handle several different phases of a station's programming. One such multi-purpose individual was once responsible for two memorable flubs in a single day. In a morning newscast, he made reference to the "New Guinea jungles" (New Guinea jungles). That same afternoon, introducing a local musician, he said that the man would play a "flute fole" (flute solo).

Another celebrated case concerns an announcer named Fred Hocy who got mixed up while introducing himself. His program opener was: "Good afternoon, Fred Hocy, this is Erycrybde speaking."

Because of limited coverage areas, most local boners are heard by only a fractional percentage of the numbers who hear network slip-ups. This does not make them any less disastrous, especially if they deal with personal items. The smaller the coverage area, the more people will personally recognize the individual whose doings have been mentioned.

An indignant lady school teacher demanded a public apology from an Idaho station when a newsmen misread his script and reported: "Miss Schultz told the Board of Education last night that due to the high cost of loving in this area, she cannot continue in her position without an increase in salary."

A Colorado broadcaster informed his listeners: "The Board of Supervisors has warned Mrs. Lee that unless she vacates the premises by noon tomorrow, they will have her forcibly removed by the sheriff."

Reporting on the progress of two local girls who had gone to Washington, D.C., to look for work, a news reporter for a small Nebraska



"Somehow all the fun seems to have gone out of going to bed. Let's get a divorce and go back to just zacking up together."



station confided: "Sarah has been enjoyed by the Defense Department, and Judy by the Treasury Department."

The most innocent of items can be deadly when it seems to have a double meaning. A farm-news reporter in Iowa got himself poised in the nose by a girl's indignant father when he reported that the young Miss had been named by the judges in a Future Farmers of America contest as "the best hoer in the county."

A well-intentioned Kansas home-workshop hobby program advised its viewers: "Constructing homes for pets can provide the hobbyist with many pleasant hours. Last week we showed you how to make a dog house. This week we'll show you something that's even more fun: how to make a cat house."

An Ohio college professor raised eyebrows when he lost track of what he was saying and declared in a TV interview: "The Industrial Revolution has caused miraculous changes in the entire body of Humanity. A male child born today can expect to have a much longerevity than his father."

A cooking expert, broadcasting a recipe for vermouth-soy, began in a warmly confiding tones: "Now—first you take a leek."

Another cooking show told the ladies how to prepare a truly exotic-sounding dish: "Frickles chickadee."

RADIO AND TELEVISION advertising are high-budget items, particularly if time is being purchased on a national hookup. It is small wonder that sponsors turn alternate shades of red, white and green if an announcer mispronounces the name of the product, or jumbles a deity-bought message beyond all recognition.

Betty Furness, flabbing her commercial for Westinghouse Corp., advised potential buyers: "Try your Westinghouse waiser with a full load on."

There was also the announcer who created a comedy of horrors from a script advertising Rogers Silver: "Why not try this lovely four-piece starter set in your home for just one week? Then, if you are not completely satisfied, send it back to us! As you see, you have everything to lose and nothing to gain."

Two other badly damaged commercials which probably gave their sponsors ulcers were: "Phillips Dental Magnesia makes an excellent moose wash."

"Vicreos—if you want a good chize."

Another commercial, for Ruppert's Beer, got loosed up and came out: "When you want to relax after a hard day's work, try Ruppert's Beer."

Weather forecasters have their off moments, too, and occasionally come up with some startling predictions. A California forecaster opined: "Tomorrow will be fair and wild." And a Texas station warned its viewers: "A heavy low storm is expected to blow in this afternoon from Oklahoma."

THE "SIDEWALK INTERVIEW" and the unheated "guest appearance" are popular program approaches in both radio and television. Each of these types of broadcast has built-in bobby traps, since the interviewer never knows

just what his guest is likely to come out with. One notable "sidewalk interview" was between a roving reporter for a Kansas City station and a man who had been leading a donkey down the middle of the street, snarling traffic. Asked what he was doing, the maulster rebutted: "At the moment, I'm just resting my ass."

If adult replies are dangerously unpredictable, those of children are even more so. No one knows this better than TV personality Art Linkletter, who has conducted more off-the-cuff interviews with youngsters than any other broadcaster in history. Linkletter, who hosts the popular "House Party" series on CBS-TV, is a master at wriggling out of the tight situations he sometimes gets into when one of his young guests throws him a blockbuster statement.

Having interviewed upwards of 30,000 mopets in the nursery-school, kindergarten and early grammar school age-groups, Art freely admits that some of the spontaneous replies elicited by his probing questions all but knock him off his feet.

This "Hemingway of the Hopscotch Set" (as Linkletter dubs himself) has compiled the choicest of these responses in several widely-read books, after having hit the literary jackpot when his first such collection, *Kids Say The Darndest Things*, became a surprise best seller in 1957.

Although most of the gems which Linkletter collects in his sprightly question-and-answer sessions aren't fills in the strictest definition of the word, they come close to qualifying because of their complete unpredictability. The interviews are now a routine part of "House Party," providing laughs beyond number for listeners and readers-to-be, at the expense of some undoubtedly-embarrassing moments for the parents of the precocious mopets. (Example, when Linkletter asked a striping named Bobby how his folks met and got married, the reply he got was, "Ha, ha, that's funny. They're not even married.") On another occasion, Art asked a youngster what his mother did, and was told that she was a Sunday School teacher. "And

what does she do for fun?" asked Art. Replied the mopet: "She plays poker and drinks beer."

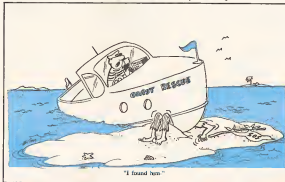
The program's biggest show-stopper to date (the audience howled for three full minutes) stemmed from a little boy's attempt to use the word "tentacles." Quizzed by the jovial Art as to what kind of animal he'd like to be, and why, the youth responded: "I'd like to be an octopus, so I could grab all the bad boys and girls in my room and spank them with my tentacles."

Linkletter is well aware that he lives with danger, and that there is no telling at precisely what moment one of these dewy-eyed youngsters will come out with some statement so devastating that it all but shatters the airwaves.

SOMETIMES A RADIO performer will "warm up" before show time, not realizing that the mike is "live" and that everything being said is also being broadcast. Arlene Francis had one particularly embarrassing experience of this sort. Seeking to put her studio audience at ease, Arlene glanced at her watch and chafed cheerfully, "There are thirty seconds to go—if anyone has to." Her watch was a half minute slow—and her words were heard by a coast-to-coast listening audience.

The funniest flubs of all are the all-but-unprintable ones, the kind which, however unintentional they may have been, occasionally get the performer cut off the air. This type has been known to wreck careers, even though the performer has not deliberately been at fault, but only the hapless victim of his own twisting tongue. Yet such are the hazards of broadcasting—and most performers go heavenward, convinced that such things can happen to others, but never to them.

It can, of course, and does, which makes for some wildly wacky listening and viewing moments. These foul-ups can be real day brighteners. Somehow, when the slip isn't intentional, its freshness and spontaneity make it more ribbitingly funny than the most carefully-contrived comedy situation. ☺











He was madly in love with a mannequin named Henrietta—but it took a real live girl to turn him all the way on

# THE LITTLEST MARTYR

by Peter A. Fields

I GUESS I'VE ALWAYS been kind of timid when it comes to conversing with ladies, or being suave, or things like that. I mean, I sort of fall apart all the time whenever I'm in the midst of them. That's not good. And it's also rather weird, inasmuch as a window dresser in a jewelry department, which is what I am, comes in contact very continually with all sorts of ladies.

Anyway, one day I fell in love with this mannequin in the third floor display window.

Now Westco Strauss & Co., which is my employer, is really distinguished for a department store; I mean, they have models who model dresses, and they serve you coffee and cookies for free while you shop, and all the elevator men (who by the way earn a lot less than a window dresser's salary) wear green cutaway uniforms. It's really a renowned store. And they've also got these very gorgeous mannequins in their windows. Mannequins are those imitation women made of either plaster or stucco or something, and they wear whatever tops and finery the window dresser may choose; and they don't say anything or stare back at you because you're short, or anything like that. I mean, they're just inanimate things.

And I fell in love with this one on the third floor.

I named her Henrietta, in memory of my deceased mother, and every day I would change her jewelry. Sometimes I draped her in the phony display emeralds, and sometimes simply the two dollar cultured pearls

/ turn to page 76





**RUNNING**, from page 61 except with his makeovers and bleary eyes.

Later, Joyce and I sat in the kitchen drinking coffee. A muted radio was giving out "Getting

To Know You." It furnished a delightful counterpoint to the rhythm of rain slushing against the windows. I felt happy for the first time since Norma had been taken from me, and, somehow, a little guilty about it.

For so long now I had felt I didn't deserve any happiness. As we talked of meaningless, yet terribly meaningful, things, the guilt gradually disappeared. When I finally left, the rain had been scattered by the pressure of the dawning sun. Joyce had brushed my lips in a tender kiss at the kitchen door, and yet it didn't seem too soon or unnatural. I felt as though I'd been courting her for years. . . .

"I HAD NOT SPENT April Storms again until last night," I finished up. "She left the day after the Rhine-lander incident for a Mexican location, and I guess she just got back."

"But you continued to see Miss Astor?" Morgan asked.

"Yes, we're engaged."

"Do you think you still will be when she hears about how you carried on with Miss Storm the minute her back was turned?"

"She'll be hurt. But she'll believe me that nothing happened be-  
tween us." I spoke with a conviction I didn't feel.

"Let's hope a jury believes you," he said levelly.

"It's going to go that far?" I asked, unable to disguise my apprehension.

"I'm afraid so, Tola."

So far, no one had mentioned how April Storm had lost her death. Maybe they were wondering why I didn't ask. The way a cop figures, the only reason I wouldn't ask was because I had first-hand, guilty knowledge. It wouldn't occur to them that the graphic details on top of the shock of being in custody might be repellent to me. So I asked.

And Morgan told me. April was found by a street-cleaners' crew, slumped over the steering wheel of her Lincoln at 5 A.M. The man, thinking she was sick or passed out drunk, tried to rouse her. The first thing they noticed was something incongruous about her twisted, willow-like legs. One was sheathed in nylon; the other was bare. When they lifted her head off the wheel, they discovered the other stocking. It was knotted around her neck. Her face was blue, her features distorted and her tongue protruded grotesquely.

I fought back a queasiness in my stomach. Vomiting might be a sign of guilt to my interrogation.

Where the hell had I been between the time we peaked and 5 A.M.? Did I have it in me to—? I shook my head dazedly, chewed on my lower lip, comparing up visions I didn't want to see. . . .

His eyes flicked to my hands which flittered, making it hard for me to light my cigarette. He spoke to Smith without turning to him. "Smith, go out and get us some doughnuts and jays like a good guy, will you?"

Morgan reached into a bottom drawer in the desk after Smith had

gone, and came up with a half-filled glass of Scotch. An identifying tag was tied around it on a key by a string. "Evidence as a drunk-driving case. I don't think anyone'll miss a couple of slogs." He poured some of the Scotch into a paper cup, held it out to me. "Here, I can't stand that shaking. You're gyrating like a Waring Blender."

I forced a smile, licked my lips, shook my head as I said, "I haven't got a hangover," I said. "I wasn't drinking last night."

"Drink it, you idiot. You'd better start convincing us you have got a hangover. And that you had a black-out, or else your sin is in a sling. There's a big chunk of April Storm's last minutes missing. If you weren't in a blackout, you're hiding something back. If you were in one, maybe it would be worth investigating further."

I had to hold the paper cup with both hands to slash down the drink. It was a hot fit gattering up my trembling insides, holding them together.

Morgan got the bottle away, eyed me speculatively. "You weren't fooling me. I checked the hen you were drinking in. I've got witnesses you were there."

There was nothing to say to that. "We're through with low I have to include your booing in my report. You know what that means?" Then his face sagged and he leaved at his eyes with the back of his hand. "I'm sorry, Gandy."

"It's okay," I said. The shot of Scotch had put some men into my natural gregarious system.

"You might get out of a with you life this way," he said after a moment. "Other jobs you can always get."

We ate the food Smith brought in, and Morgan took my doughnuts to look me on suspicion of murder. Just before we got to the fingerprint table, I spotted a man's room.

"Gimme go," I said poking my head toward it.

"Okay, but I go too," Morgan hadn't found it necessary to hand-off me. After all, I had once been a responsible officer of the court, heaped to be again, he must have felt.

Heading over the bowl washing my hands a few minutes later, I cut a covert glance at Morgan's image in the mirror. I uncoiled suddenly, felt awkward against him, and brought the top of my head up against his chin. The crack of bone on bone exploded like a pistol shot at close range.

"Sorry," I mumbled, as I stepped away from Morgan's sagging body and watched him flutter to the floor like a flag with its guide-rope cut.

And I was sorry. Not for Hank Morgan. For me. When he came out of it, his wounded pride would drive him after me with an obsessive fury

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I hated to eavesdrop. He was the best guy I wanted to tangle with, but I had no choice. I didn't trust the cops to look further with the kid seemingly lulled down on me.

I lifted Hesk's gun from the holster beneath his left arm, studied it in my wristband, sidled out of the room. No one glanced my way, and I walked down the hall toward the front door. I moved slowly, cautiously. A couple of uniformed cops grunted and waved, I grunted back. Once out on Fountain Avenue, I had to fight panic, force myself not to run, but my pace quickened.

At the Greyhound depot on Vine, I slinked into the crowded waiting rooms just in time to hear them announcing a San Diego departure in three minutes. I boarded the bus and rode it to the Los Angeles station, where the passengers were to change over for the San Diego ride.

Five minutes later, I was heading through a maze of Los Angeles Skid Row destitute, heading East on Main Street. At Seventh and Main, I saw a cop phoning in from a call box. I turned left abruptly into the first doorway I came to. It was a place where that featured twenty-cent bar whiskey, draft beer and the raucous odor of the unwashed, pale and defecation-stained customers.

I ordered a double shot of whiskey, drank it straight without gagging by holding my breath as it went down. When I went to the phone to call Joyce, I knew what a first-sister must feel like after a performance. My throat was on fire, but the whiskey in my gut was doing the job. The shakes had subsided altogether.

She answered on the third ring, and her shock at hearing from me was evident in the gasp she emitted when I said, "It's me, baby. I'm—"

She cut me off. "Where are you?"

I told her, and she said she'd pick me up in front of the Alexandria Hotel as quickly as she could drive there.

"Listen, I've got to explain—"

"You don't have to, darling. Oh, sweetheart, I'm so glad you're not— not still in jail."

"I'll be back there if I can't hide out and figure what happened last night. There must be an all points out for me now."

"It's all over the radio and the TV," she blurted into the phone. "They say you're scared and dangerous. Oh, God, Grady, what'll you do?"

"Come and get me, take me somewhere to hide. I'll figure it out. You've got to know April and I—I'm sure we didn't—"

"I blame that, And I'm sure you didn't kill her. And I'm sure you didn't kill her."

"I wish I was," I said, and hung up.

IT MAY SEEM STRANGE that we made love under the conditions, only minutes after checking into a valley motel. But we did, despite the

tension—maybe because of it. I knew I wouldn't after we had fought and found release in each other. In some ways, it was more fulfilling and erotically exciting than any of our previous marriages.

We lay on the perspiration-soaked, rumpled sheets, having kicked the covers off sometime during our ecstatic writhing. I began to tell Joyce my version of what had transpired in faltering, sick tones.

"I don't know what happened to me," I said miserably.

"I do," Joyce said, pressing my hand in both of hers. "April Storm happened to you. She picked a good name when she decided to drop the Sophie Kizilpinski she was born with. Everything she touched she destroyed—like a storm—a storm is April,

again, and somewhere later there was no sweltering heat, no moisture hanging over us. We fell into a cool, dark valley, moaning, then crying aloud as we hit bottom. The crash trailed off to parting sighs as we landed in soft green grass, unharmed by the plunge we had taken, clinging together in a frantic embrace."

JOYCE WENT to the market and brought back milk and Graham crackers for me. I knew from past experience with husbands that I couldn't retain solid food, and I crumbled the crackers in the milk until it was a soggy mash I could manage. Something about the cracker box bothered me.

While I ate we listened to the news reports on the radio. Some over-



"You just went to HOLD MY HAND!—You were kind of sex nut or something?"

She'd dead now, and I should speak well of her. But I can't be a hypocrite. I'm not sorry she's dead."

I turned on my side, stared into the soft light eyes, surprised at the virginal enigma the tender, abject type.

"Oh, I never knew you—"

"Oh, I never loved her. I just hated what she represented. The malignancy she spread. It was like she was infected. Infected with evil. I only said what I did—about—about not being sorry she's dead because of what she tried to do to you—and me—to us."

I let my eye range from the damp, dark brown hair down the length of her nude, classically-formed body, and there was no more time for talk. I pulled her to me

eagerly, and somewhere later there was no sweltering heat, no moisture hanging over us. We fell into a cool, dark valley, moaning, then crying aloud as we hit bottom. The crash trailed off to parting sighs as we landed in soft green grass, unharmed by the plunge we had taken, clinging together in a frantic embrace."

Sitting in my shorts, staring at the cracker box like an idiot, I tried to figure what drove was about an empty Graham cracker package that fascinated me so.

Joyce sat on the bed next to me, wearing only her half-slip and bra. "God, it's hot," she said.

BELEEN GRAHAM CRACKERS . . . I left out BELEEN . . . GRAHAM CRACK-

ERS . . . I mentally obliterated GRAHAM and came up with CRACKERS. Was I going nuts? Now I closed one eye, and blocked off BELEEN . . . CRACKERS . . . All I had was GRAHAM . . . GRAHAM! Malcolin Graham . . . I yelled the name out. "Graham, I remember now!"

Joyce put a finger to her lips in a shushing gesture. "What is it, darling? Graham? Graham, what does that mean?"

I was on my feet now, and I gripped her shoulders tightly, pulling her up. "The guy in the bar—the guy that was bugging April last night!"

"What guy—in what bar?" she asked, her eyes rounded, a frown knitting itself between them.

"I just remembered. There was a guy—some actor, I think—he told me his name—Malcolin Graham—at the Whiskey A-Go-Go . . ."

I COULD SEE him now. A big, beefy guy with curly blond hair. As though time had stood still, and there had been no murder, no blackout, I saw him come to our booth. He had smiled and leaned down to whisper in April's ear. As she listened I saw her features grow tense, and suddenly her arm lashed out. Her open palm cracked loudly against the man's cheek. He staggered back, swearing. It had happened so fast, I don't think anyone in the place but me was aware of it.

I was trying to get to my feet, I recalled, to go after him, but April pulled me back into my seat. "Forget him. He's a nothing," she said. When I looked around the crowded saloon, he was nowhere in sight.

He was, April told me, an enforcer of hers, who had been persistently chasing her since she broke off with him. He had threatened her, abused her wickedly over the phone. This was not the first public scene he had incited . . .

"THAT'S THE GUY, honey. It's got to be. I've got to find him. How can I—"

My excitement had transferred itself to Joyce. Her face was paler than usual and she was having difficulty breathing.

"Yes, yes, I remember him. Call the police, honey?"

"No!" I shouted. "No cops. I'll handle him. I'll take him in myself. But I'll beat the truth out of him first. Maybe they wouldn't get it out of him, he'd fool them. But I'll handle the son of a bitch . . . How do I—where does he live?"

"Easy, baby, easy," Joyce said gently. "Let's go at this nice and easy."

I paced the floor while the thief wisely got to his sampler from the Screen Actors Guild. No dice.

I was already in my clothes when I heard her ask information for  
/turns to page 78



*How lah-de-dah designers use buttons and bows to emasculate the American male image*

YOU'VE PROBABLY noticed it while flicking through the ad-ridden pages of the more way-out-and-incomprehensible men's magazines. More and more of them are running "departments" dealing with men's fashions, written in the perfume-and-roses style of "Ladies' Home Journal" and "Vogue."

It is all part of an insidious, organized conspiracy to transform the rugged American male into a delicate, limp-wristed mannequin clad in clothing dreamed up and designed by females or by so-called males who are not really sure which sex they belong to.

They are intent on selling us what they call the Bold but Colorful Look in male wearing apparel, and if they succeed every self-respecting man will find himself struggling into such nightmare items as (I quote) "sleek black-and-white hipster trousers with no pockets and material rough on the outside, smooth on the inside so that there is easier walking with tighter trousers—a casually elegant turtle-neck jersey or knitted polo shirt with three buttons and a button-down collar in camel, cashmere or lambswool—a checked and flared red-and-white jacket—high-heeled boots elastic-sided and not a lace in sight—for top-wear a real leather jetkin buttoning up to the neck without a collar."

The Bold and Colorful clowns are also trying to persuade us to buy "six of everything for the gay male wardrobe"—six derbies in six different colors, six jackets, six pairs of slacks, six shirts, six ties and six pairs of shoes. "It's profitable for the industry," admit the trade magazines, as though wanting to blow the gaff on the whole thing. "It reflects our emancipation from the stiff, stilted traditions of the

by Paul Brock

# THE INSIDIOUS AGAINST MEN'S CLOTHES

Old World. The American male *should* dress boldly and beautifully."

Women are being urged to give one tie a week to their boy friends or husbands and to encourage men to wear a tie on every possible occasion. Behind such urging is a plan which might very easily stick the man in question with a tie for life, because, say psychologists hired by the men's-wear industry, "to women a tie is a symbol of love."

These brain-probers have noted that women frequently finger and straighten out their men-folk's ties, and call this "a substitute act of caressing."

ACCORDING TO ONE Chicago merchandising manager, a male clothing revolution is *about to pour* 89





PLOT



# HAPPINESS IS A DOLL CALLED APRIL



Actually October's  
child, this green-eyed maid is  
lovelier than springtime



"No," April O'Heen emphatically tells us. "I wasn't born in April. I was born in October—but my mother hated the fall, so she named me after her favorite spring month. I'm lucky," she laughs. "I'd feel pretty silly telling everybody that my name was October. They'd start thinking I was a witch."

Not likely—nobody with anything close to normal vision would call April (36-23-35) something that resembled a broom-stick pilot. But there does seem to be an air about her name that affects her life—just looking at April brings on a feeling of exuberant springtime.

"Happiness is the key," April explains. "Stay happy, and nothing can bother you. I remember once, when I was playing a serious part in one of those dreadful little summer-stock things in upper New York—where all the actors spend their time on-stage searching the audience for a talent scout. Well anyway, my part called for me to come running from stage-left and cry, 'My god, he's dead!' My cue came, and I went barreling out on the stage, struck my dramatic pose, and my wig fell off. If I hadn't been happy—if I

—turn the page











couldn't have laughed, and I did crack up—I would have died on the spot from stage-fright."

This same "happiness" which makes April so vivacious, once demonstrated her thoughts when as a little girl, upon meeting the late Dr. Albert Schweitzer, she told him she liked him because "...you're cute."

And in her work? "The most interesting thing I've ever done was to perform as a mermaid in a nightclub," she smiles. "I'd get into this glass tank full of water in back of the bar, wearing a fin-costume from the waist down, and just swim around. I felt like a seal! But the biggest kick about it was that we didn't have to go up for air. There was a small tube, hidden out of sight from the people at the bar, and whenever I ran out of air all I had to do was dive down and get a lungful—and the hardest part about the whole bit was not laughing at the watchers. I mean some guys would sit there, getting tighter and tighter, and absolutely go out of their minds trying to figure out why I didn't drown. I'll bet I drove at least fifty men to confused neurosis!"

Perhaps, but what a wonderful way to go...

D



She keeps smiling even when her wig falls off and her mermaid-tail drags



# MARTYR, from page 67

allotted me for window dressing. It's true that I never got to see her in the real expensive stuff which the customers bought, but that didn't matter. She was always beautiful. And one evening, when everybody was gone from the store except me who was working late out of conscientiousness, I got up on tip-toe and I kissed her.

I LOVED HENRIETTA consecutively for two years in a row. Then a live lady named Marcia Lewin came to work as a saleslady in the jewelry department. Marcia Lewin had long, shimmering black hair and bright green eyes. She looked so exactly like my Henrietta (with wig) that I almost died.

"You're the window dresser?" she asked me one day, after a few months of my watching her.

"Yes," I said. "I was kind of shorter than she was, since she was extremely statuesque." My name is Alvin Friedman.

"Well Alvin, will you be kind enough to help me for a moment with these boxes?"

It was magnificent being of aid to her. And I know she kept my aid in mind because, only six or seven weeks after that, I helped her again at her request in the wrapping room. And thereafter, torn asunder between Miss Marcia Lewin and my Henrietta (who I now dressed all the time in a long, shimmering black wig), I felt more slowly as to what to do regarding my love life.

"I WANT MONEY," Marcia Lewin said. I joined her, apparently accidentally, in the employees' coffee room, and we had been conversing in earnestness and warmth about life and other deep things of interest. "I want money and I want to live high and do what I damn well please. I hate working and I hate this place and every other place I've worked in." She smiled at me so seductively. "Am I shocking you, Alvin Alvin?"

True, I regarded her remark about Weston-Straus & Co. as a bit harsh, but I could understand her deepness about money. I mean, after all, when an extra-special live woman is forced to associate with lower and cheaper people all the time just to make a living, I could see where it's really horrible for her.

"No," I said. I said it softly and gently, and I know she was looking at me with fondness. "I am not shocked, Miss Lewin. And I . . . For a moment, I just lost understanding of myself while facing her point black like that. . . . I think that you are a marvelous lady."

I bring my head, bring my tongue and thinking that maybe I had said an offending thing. But I hadn't, for Miss Lewin (apparently) stepped across the table and put her delicate hand gently over mine in understand-

ing. "You're sweet, Alvin," she said.

Oh, I was in LOVE! Henrietta forgotten. I worked at my windows with aplomb and poise; and through the days, I planned really lovingly at Marcia, and she sometimes glanced back when she wasn't selling jewelry or too busy or anything.

Then believe it or not, and I swear this is true, one evening right in the midst of working the plant which I have in the window-box in my window, the bell rang and I opened the door and Marcia Lewin was standing there. At my own door, I swear it.

"Oh," I said.

"Hello, Little Alvin. May I come in?"

"Oh," I said.

She had come, she declared, to be with me and her dress was black #231 \$49.95, and it was very low cut. I mean, if I wanted to look it but I mean, if I wanted to look it every day. I mean . . . Miss Lewin was a very healthy-looking woman above the waist, so to speak.

I guess I hurried around a little too much while knowing her for us. But nevertheless, I would most probably have gotten hold of myself okay if only she hadn't bent over right in front of me to pick up her handkerchief.

"Oh," I said again. I just couldn't help it. Her top part was so really exposed, and I . . . I mean, I'd never really seen . . .

"Don't be embarrassed, Alvin," she said, rising. "I like for you to look at me." She moved even closer. I think my mouth was open. "And I'd like for you to touch me."

Now, deliberately, like something so scary and wonderful that I couldn't believe it, she took my hand and placed it on the exposed top part of her where the dress ended and she began.

And there I was, actually feeling with my own hand a secret, sacred place on the live woman I loved.

"Kiss me," she breathed.

Suddenly she was against me, crushing our respective fronts together; and then, bending down, she brought her lips to mine.

I fainted.

When I woke up I almost fainted again immediately because Marcia Lewin didn't have her dress on any more.

"You spilled tea on it when you fainted," she explained, softly. "It's dry in the kitchen."

"Oh," I said.

She sat down on the couch in front of me and struck again. I'd never seen a braisier and pasties that close to blacky lacey like that, or so scaly. By, or like that, that I just stood so much I didn't know what to do.

"I just had that trembling a little so Alvin," she said, crossing her long legs blindingly. "If we had money, and I, wouldn't you like to fly

away with me on long trips, and to wonderful restaurants, and spend money, buy evenings with me on plush verandas? Wouldn't you, Alvin?"

I was thunderstricken with joy. "Oh yes, Marcia!" I cried. Then I paused, thinking that maybe in my excitement, I had made a terrible blunder. "It is all right if I call you Marcia, isn't it?"

She thought that was funny so she laughed then, this gay and frothy laugh. And with each one of her breasts, unusual and dangerous things seemed to be happening to her breasts. I couldn't keep my eyes off them.

"Alvin," she purred. "Come sit by me."

I think I went over and sat by her. I wanted to do the right thing.

"Alvin, Sweaty, you must know by now I love you most very. But you also know how depressed it makes me not to have money to live like a human being. If I were to tell you that I knew of a way to make a lot of money, would you be willing to make it with me?"

She had this great way of breathing in her underarm I never saw it do before. That's almost all I was concentrating on.

"I would love to make it with you," I said.

"That's nice, Alvin. Now struggle a bit closer so I can whisper . . . yes, dear, that's the way . . . that's just right."

"Oh," I said. Then immediately after that I said "Ah."

THE VERY NEXT AFTERNOON, a friend of Marcia's came into the jewelry department and purchased a bracelet for two thousand dollars actual cash. Marcia pretended not to recognize her friend, although she served him a cookie at the manager's request because he was buying a two thousand dollar item. Then he left.

I was disappointed to see that this friend of Marcia's was male, but I was careful to remain very studiously blind, since I had previously promised her that I would studiously not notice anything at all if I happened to be around when the sale was made. And also, I couldn't expect an utterly beautiful lady like her not to know anybody in the whole world except me, in spite of our previous evening's night before.

I should mention that the real bracelet which was purchased was exactly like one of the phony ones that I made for display on Henrietta. I had heretofore told Marcia which one of the expensive things in the jewelry case had display duplicates, and she had smiled at me, and written it down, and blown in my ear, and I didn't care about anything else in this world.

One day after the purchase, and as planned, I slipped the display duplicate to Marcia during coffee.

"Does all this bother you, Little

Alvin?" She had taken off one of her shoes and was secretly running her toe up and down the calf of my leg under the table. "Does it? I mean, you're not getting cold feet now, are you?"

My feet weren't cold, but my call certainly tingled. Her eyes were green, hotter than they had ever been. Oh, how wonderful she was!

"No," I said. "A lady like you must have things that are fine. You deserve . . . everything."

"But you love Weston-Straus," she said. "You've been here for years."

It was so like her to be concerned about others. "I only love you," I muttered.

After all, Weston-Straus never blew in my ear.

Two days after the purchase, the male friend returned the real bracelet and paid for it actual cash. He and his wife hotel it. The manager didn't feel he should get a cookie this time, but on the other hand, the store didn't really get its bracelet back, either. What they got back was the phony bracelet, which I had previously and dishonestly shipped to Marcia.

ONCE IN AWHILE during the next few weeks, I confess that I didn't feel very good. It isn't right to cheat people, and I don't have much experience in doing this sort of thing. I began to be a little glad, God forgive me, that my mother was no longer alive to see the occurrences that were happening. And finally, after the tenth or eleventh friend of Marcia's had purchased and fraudulently returned the whole stock of items, I approached Marcia about maybe ending what we had been doing. But she wasn't too interested in that idea.

"Oh, for Christ's sake, Alvin, shut up!"

I took a moment before I realized that her response was to be agitated only because she also felt guilty and concerned about doing dishonesty to others. Naturally, when life became better for her through our mutual endeavors in the jewelry department, we would be able to stop these gongs on and fly off together to some plush veranda somewhere in the evening.

But that's not what happened. What happened was awful.

"Friedman," said Mr. Borgman, the manager of our jewelry department who gave out cookies, "it's inventory time." Mr. Borgman had been a very plump man, but was now on a diet to get rid of his rotundity, and it made him a little nervous toward people. "Are you listening to me, Friedman?"

I had been reading Henrietta's garter belt. "Oh, yes?"

"Now look," he contrasted, "your policy is changing for this quarter. Inventory is to be taken of all department assets, not just the sales merchandise as usual. That means an



inventory of your mannequin, your display items, and ectera. Right?" "Oh," I said.

"Oh! what? Stop fidgeting with that garter belt, Friedman. You look like a degenerate."

"Yesir."

Mr. Bergman walked away. With him walking all the remnants of my remaining peace of mind. If they inventoried all of my display items, and ectera, and realized how much was missing, and if they then found all those same missing items in the locked cases where the expensive retail merchandise should have been but wasn't, it seemed to me that they might possibly begin suspecting that things were untoward!

Marcel! What would they do to her? Naturally, I didn't know how much money she'd earned through our mutual sneaked (since almost her right out seemed kind of rude), but surely she'd have to give it back if caught. They might even fire her. And me! My blood ran cold as I closed the door.

Marcia had asked me not ever to come to her apartment house where she lived; her brother didn't like her to have male visitors, she said. Notwithstanding, however, I had to see. We needed to meet and to plan their future becoming unmarried in inventory time.

On the way to her address, I purchased a little fresh rose to give to her because I loved her so much.

This quite large sized fellow answered the door.

"How do you do?" I smiled, hiding my rose so he wouldn't see it and laugh at me.

"Who are you?" he said. He was in shirt sleeves, a raff and snarly type like an enemy soldier.

"Why, I'm Alvin," I said. Surely Marcia would have told her brother of our love, regardless of how he might feel about male visitors.

"Alvin what?"

There was this long, involved silence while we looked at each other in the doorway.

"Oh," he said, finally, "the owner at the store."

Now spring to my heart once more. He did know who I was! Marcia had obviously indeed declared to the world that she had, at Western-Strauss & Co., someone who loved her and of whom she dreamed. I, Alvin R. Friedman, was a known and open lover!

He closed the door in my face.

That set me to thinking. Why would he do such a rude and . . .

"Good God," said a warm, wonderful and familiar voice behind me. "What are you doing around here, for Christ's sake?"

"Was my Marcia, with groceries."

"Your brother closed the door on me," I said, keeping the pain from my voice as best I could so as not to

distress her. "Sweetheart, I know you asked me never to come here, but you see, they're taking inventory at the . . ."

"Oh, listen," she said. "I knew that would happen."

Shifting the groceries in her arms, she reached her foot out and banged it against the door several times.

"Daisy?" she called. "Daisy?"

He finally came to the door again, and admitted Marcia. She rushed toward the kitchen to deposit the groceries, but since no one had actually invited me in yet, I kind of just stood there by the open door.

"They're taking inventory at the store," Marcia told her brother. "I guess it's time to split, Baby."

Daisy nodded his head and moved toward the closet. "Right," he declared. Opening the closet door, he yanked down these two old caricatures and threw them on the one big double bed.

Then they both remembered that I was standing in the doorway there, not having yet been invited in.

"Oh, Little Alvin," Marcia said, coming toward me and putting her golden hand alongside my cheek. "You're so sweet. Why don't you go home now, and don't worry. My brother and I will come back to town just as soon as inventory's been taken. Won't we, Daisy?" She turned toward her brother, who was busy packing "Daisy."

"Huh? Daisy looked awfully surprised. "Oh, for God's sake,

Money."

"I don't actually understand what transpires," I said to Marcia.

She glanced at Daisy again to make sure he wasn't eavesdropping, and then she moved through the doorway to me and pressed her front against me again like on that glorious night when we found each other.

"Would you really want me to stay here, Alvin? Would you really want to see me stripped of my pride and my honor because of a lousy sixteen or seventeen thousand dollars worth of trinkets that are insured anyway?"

Right then I guess I emitted a gasp. "Sixteen or seventeen thousand dollars?" My throat was gulpy. I had no idea . . .

"Alvin," she purred. "Your shall, devotion and heavy have been the first things that ever happened to me. But I'm not as strong as you are. Must I stay to face that silly Mr. Bergman and that flock of stupid policemen he'll be dragging in to . . ."

"Policemen?" I had never thought about that. I got a traffic ticket once from a policeman on a motorcycle . . . stupid policemen with their questions and their dirty hands pawing me? Oh Alvin, what am I to do?"

It was then, as she spoke of pawing hands, that it happened! Suddenly my fists were clenched, suddenly I felt the muscles ripple along my back and a surge of heat course through me like electricity. Even my nostrils flared a little bit, maybe. No one was going to paw the woman I loved!



"Do not fear, Marcia," I spoke. My voice had this real low rag to it, like on TV detective shows. "I shall be your shield, your protector."

"You mean protector," she corrected.

"Your protector. I and I alone shall bear the inventory upon my own breast. Marcia," I concluded with something purposeful. "I shall save you."

I never said stuff like that before in my life. It kind of scared me a little.

"She was flush up against me again, and I could feel all the lumpy parts competing with the buttons on my coat, which by now were probably melted."

"Alvin," she murmured. "My hero."

She began winking this magnificent leg of hers around me. Nothing too demonstrative or unladylike there in the hallway, just enough to make my eyes water a little.

"Do for the me, Alvin . . . take the burden of blame upon your own shoulders, like the martyr you are and when you come back from prison I shall be waiting. Oh we'll go together for marvelous hot nights far away. Think of it, Alvin."

"Prison? What prison?" Her leg was now wound around to the place where I could put my fist where I was beginning not to be able to control myself, especially since her skirt had gone up and up and up so that her leg could . . .

"A man must pay for his crimes, Alvin darling. But what does prison mean when you know that I shall be here, waiting, waiting for my hero, my warrior?"

I never had an orgasm before in a hallway.

It took a few minutes of loud breathings and things like that before I could do my constitutive functioning with my nose. "Will it really be . . . like . . . that?"

She looked deeply and sincerely down into my eyes. "I swear it," she whispered.

Trance-like silence ensued as we drank each other in, eyeless. Then, sensitive enough to know that nothing further needed to be said amongst us who loved each other, I turned and wended my way to the street.

TO MOST MEN, seven years would be I guess a pretty long time to have to stay in prison. But I am strong, a martyr who can take it on the chin. Marcia said so. And when it is over, when I am free and we can step forth-to each other with pay abandon like in the hallway, seven years will seem as a mere nothingness in the face of our love.

Naturally, it would be nice to maybe get a letter from her now and then. But on the other hand, probably her brother doesn't like her to write to men who are in prison. I can understand that. ♥



## RUNNING, from page 69

Graham's number, then his address. Her voice was breathy when she said, "Thank you, operator." She wrote the phone number down and the address.

"Always the hard way," I grinned at her, my little fist tight against my teeth.

She handed me the slip of paper and her car keys. I recognized the street, it was just off Laurel Canyon.

I had my hand on the knob. "Later, baby," I said.

"She put her arms around me and said, 'Be careful, darling. Don't get hurt. I need you so.'"

I rubbed a hand through her hair and held her tightly. "I'll be okay. A couple of hours from now I'll be all over."

"Is there anything I can do? I'll be hell just waiting."

I started to say no, when I thought of one other man when I knew had threatened April. Now that my mind was running this way — Stewart Rhinelander — the catalyst that had brought Joyce and me together. And — God help us — April and me.

In case Graham wasn't my man, I wouldn't have to waste time checking out Rhinelander's alibi for the vital hours, if Joyce . . .

"Take a cab," I told her slowly, thinking it out as I talked. "Go to the Studio City Golf Club — about a mile from here — talk to Rhinelander."

"Rhinelander? My God, Grady, you can't suspect that weakling of having the guts to . . . I wouldn't know what to say to him."

I took both her hands in mine. "This is important. Please do it. Try and find out — I don't know how; play it by ear — where he was between midnight and five this morning."

I felt her palms grow wet with perspiration and my tremors ran through her fingers. "But how can I explain being there? I've never had a golf club in my hands. He knows that. I can't tell him I want a lesson. I've told him many times — he was always trying to get me to play. I don't care a thing about golf."

I thought that over. "Tell him you want to buy him a drink. Consume him . . . that's it. You just want to sympathize with him — April was his wife . . . all right sense."

She was exiting a cab when I closed the door on her, moved swiftly across the burning macadam driveway to the carport.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN DRIVE is a winding, climbing snake of a road off Laurel Canyon. Wonderful Park lies just off Graham's front fence.

The door was open, and I barged in without knocking. It would have been wasted motion — knocking I mean. Malcolm Graham wouldn't have heard it. Anywhere then he

could hear the "Oh, Good Christ!" that spring without volition from my gaping mouth, when I nearly fell over his body. His jaw bloody on a Navajo throw rug in front of a brick fireplace. The claret flood that had washed through the slit in his throat had flowed into the curly blond hair, matting it a dark crimson. Near his outstretched bare arm I saw a pre-stained kitchen knife. His words echoed but faded into frills. The expression in his staring eyes was one of surprise — as though he hadn't counted on taking his last swim in his own blood . . .

Going back down Lookout Mountain, I drove slowly. There was no hurry anymore. As I swung left at Laurel Canyon to climb over it and back to the valley, I saw a police car cornering up the canyon toward me. It was moving fast but no warning siren was screaming. Just before I rounded a curve, I saw the white and black Dodge turn left into Lookout Mountain Drive.

I drove the rest of the way to the motel carefully, observing all the rules meticulously. This was no time to be stopped by the police.

Why, I asked myself over and over, was Graham killed? Could Rhinelander have done it out of jealousy? It was possible. How did the cops get on the scene so fast? If someone was framing me, who the hell was it, and why? Why me? Maybe, (sweet Jesus, no!) I did it. Maybe I killed April Storm . . .

JOYCE GOT BACK to the cabin a half hour after me. Panic had me by the throat and was slowly strangling me. When she told me Rhinelander had an atrocious alibi I cracked wide open. I told her about finding Graham dead: saw the panic rise in her. She tried to talk, but her vocal cords seized her paralyzed. When the words came out they were meaningless gibberish.

"Oh . . . oh . . . no . . . Grady . . . no, no Grady . . ."

"I've got to run," I told her. "Get to get away."

"No, Grady," she moaned. "Don't leave."

My throat had grown tighter, and I could barely articulate my words out. "Your car. I'll have to take it. Mexico. I've had it."

Joyce moaned some more, unsuccessfully.

"How much money have you got with you?" I asked.

Her moans grew louder and were pitched just below a scream when I slapped her. Hard. The shock of it brought her out of it, her eyes back into focus.

"How much money?" I asked again.

Like a somnambulist, she walked the few steps to the dresser, tipped her handbag upside down, I swept up the scattered change, took the bills out of the wallet.

"You didn't do it," she said in a voice out of a nightmare.

"They'll never believe me. I'll get in touch with you when I can . . . I don't believe that last line myself! All I knew to do now was run and pray."

"They'll get you . . . please, Grady, don't go . . ."

"I've got a chance this way . . . a strange one. A bus, a plane, the train . . ."

Now she was on her knees, her arms around my legs. The dark hair cascaded down over her face hiding it from my sight. She was crying, uncontrollably.

Gently, firmly, I pulled her to her feet.

"Goodbye, baby," I said harshly. She reached a hand out toward me, but I stepped back. If I let her touch me, I might crumple into her arms and never make it away from there.

I moved while the adrenaline was still boiling in my blood.

Joyce slumped to her knees again and pressed her hands over her face. When I opened the door, She made no further sound, but her shoulders were shaking and I knew that deep down she was sobbing.

I tore my eyes away from the pitiful figure of the girl I loved kneeling there in though a supplication, and walked out the door.

I WAS MAYBE forty miles out of Los Angeles, a mile or so south of Laguna, when the panic subsided enough to let me slow down to a reasonable speed. The Mexican border — Tijuana — was sixty-odd miles away. I knew the deeper into Mexico I could get the better my chances for survival would be.

A wave of sadness washed over me as I realized I might never see Joyce again.

I pulled over to the curb and parked, shaking like a malaise patient. To my right the ocean was a gleaming, moon-colored expanse.

I felt around the glove compartment as the slim hope I'd find something to drink there, anything something to steady me.

My hand found a flashlight and I threw its beam into the compartment. There was no bottle. But lying there on a silk scarf was a card of a type I had seen before. Something made me pull it out, scan it under the light from the flash.

Two familiar names were written on it.

Realization hit me like a sledge beneath the heart. My breathing was loud, drowning out the pounding of blood in my ears.

I was going to see Joyce again after all . . .

SHE LOOKED shocked when she came to the door of her apartment, but she hugged me to her, buried her face against my chest; I couldn't read her expression.

"What happened, darling? Never mind . . . you're back . . . Oh, Grady, Grady . . ."

I reached up her, grabbed the collar but said no more, and asked her hand up so she had to face me.

"This happened," I said. I threw the folded card from the glove compartment down on her coffee table. There I let go of her hair.

She picked it up, and looked it over, her head tilted, eyes widened with something akin to fear, then narrowed as she recovered her composure.

"So, just what is this supposed to prove?"

I stamped wearily into an easy chair. I had never felt so tired. Or alone.

"It proves — at least to me — that your boyfriend Stewart Rhinelander murdered his wife And Malcolm Graham, to put it on the lighter than he had already. It proves — to me — that you're an accomplice after the fact."

"You're mad!" Joyce said loudly, sticking out her tiny chin and lifting her head high. "This is nothing but a screed for a gulf attack."

"That's all," I said. My voice rode a sigh. "A golf match. Between Joyce and Stewart. You told me today you never had a golf club in your hands. That screed says you shot the course in three over par."

"So I play golf, so what?" she shrieked. "Is that a crime?"

"Your lying about it makes it a crime in my book. Plus the fact that you and Stewart played and drank up at Public Beach, 400 miles from here. Since when does a husband — even an ex — take his wife's secretary to Carmel for a little round of golf . . . unless there's been a little hanky panky going on . . ."

Joyce flew across the room toward me, snatched me, stifled her face distorted and ugly looking. Salvo, bubbled at a corner of her mouth.

"That trick!" she snapped through gritted teeth. "Millions of dollars. For what? And I worked for her, me, who's got more talent and drive than she ever dreamed of! If that miserable cat hadn't peddled her ass to get where she got, she'd have been working for me! I take that back—I wouldn't have let her clean my toilet! The hypocritical whore was too good a woman to get a divorce . . . she and Stewart were divorced, did you know that, wise guy?"

I stared dumbly at her, shocked by the vilifying flow of invective.

Without taking a breath, she continued to rave. Her eyes seemed to pop out of her head.

"A good woman — a good woman didn't lay every stud in town. Everyone, finally, but poor Stewart! I know if he was dead I'd get the money. He's a weak bastard, but he'd be mine after the deal, and half that lovely money'd be mine too."



She had begun to decelerate and her words were coming hard.

"Then he killed her, you admit that?"

"You stupid bastard," she bellowed, placing her hands on her hips, standing in a raffish spread-legged stance. "I killed her!"

I got up. I wanted to say something, but I couldn't think what I guess I had some idea of grabbing her, holding her, but she wasn't thinking of running away.

There was a swishing sound as the kitchen door at my back swung open. A voice behind me stopped my action.

"You're gonna die, boy!"

I froze like a figure in a tableau. I didn't have to turn to know it

man behind me. I still hadn't faced "You're not sure, are you, sweetie?" Diddie nudged her voice.

"And he killed me too, you know that for sure, don't you, Stew?" she snarled. It was a wicked, hurting kind of smile.

I smiled a half turn.

I was looking at a madman with a gun.

He sobbed, slobbered, swore indistinctly. His eyes looked deep into nowhere.

Still watching him, I said over my shoulder, "How did you do it, Joyce?"

"When I got back to her house from Malibu last night, I saw you two lovebirds pulling off in separate cars. I followed you because I just

to the cops he had seen you passed out. And anything else he might have seen — like me killing her — if he'd been lurking around.

"Then I called the cops."

I wanted to turn to Joyce, but I was afraid to look away from Rhineland. I didn't tell her either. I felt a chill in the small of my back, remembering Graham and her handwork with a knife.

"I was glad you escaped. I thought the cops would catch up — kill you. I knew if they held you long enough they'd get you were innocent. Maybe come after me," she babbled on almost continuously.

"Funny thing, though," she moaned in a distant voice, "I really liked you."

I had turned to her when she yelled, "Shoot the son of a bitch, Stew!"

I froze in mid-move. Rhineland's action seemed to come off like a slow motion move.

I saw the gun come up, level with my stomach. I saw his finger whiten on the trigger.

Flash! In the tiny apartment, the shot was a cannon's boom. Just before the deafening sound — a split-second later I saw the orange and blue flame apart and the blue-gray smoke curl — I saw the gun jerk to his right and up, and I realized dimly he had pulled on the trigger instead of squeezing it. The convulsive movement saved my life.

Then I heard a moan behind me. I turned to where Joyce had been standing, and she wasn't there anymore. My eyes traveled down to the floor where she was sprawled; she moaned again, pitifully, like a sick dog.

She lay half on her back, half on her left side, clutching her stomach. Blood gushed through her fingers, flowed out over her abdomen. She seemed to be trying to hold the blood in her body, pushing at it with her twitching hands, but it kept flowing. Her eyes were open but the hazel pupils had rolled back almost out of sight.

A movement behind me, an eerie cry reminded the Rhinelanders was still at my back, still holding the gun. I made a leap toward him. Before I could reach him, he said sadly, his eyes puzzled, "She really did love you. She was all I had left."

I was too late to stop him from blowing out his brains. He already had the muzzle of the gun in his mouth when I reached him.

I knelt next to Joyce, wondering if it was too late for her too.

She closed her eyes, and reached weakly for my hand. I gave it to her. She clutched it like I was going to help her hold on. Joyce's dead hand had the muzzle of the gun in her mouth.

Her whinger was ragged. "I wasn't kidding. I really did love you. The best I know how — not good enough."

A spasm ran through her fingers and they grew rigid in my hand.

I felt for a pulse. There was nothing left.

No pulse.

Nothing — nothing left at all... I wiped the blood off my hands, and went to the phone, dragged it by its long cord over to the easy chair.

When I got Morgan, I told him everything as I knew it.

There was a long pause after I finished, and I thought maybe they were tracing the call, going to take me in anyway.

Finally he spoke.

"Where are you, Grady?"

"5114 Scrabble," I said.

"How do you feel?"

"Tired. Tired and sick."

"Listen, Grady, I've changed my mind. I was wrong about something. Those bartenders I questioned were lying or mistaken. Nobody saw you take a drink."

I thought about what he was trying to tell me — that he wasn't going to mention my slip.

"Don't bother, Lieutenant. I appreciate it, but if I'm going to stay sober, I'm going to have to do it for myself, not the Bar Association. Otherwise it won't work, and I'll be in the same gun with them again."

"Your case comes up with them soon," he said doubtfully.

"So, it'll come up another year from now," I said. "Meanwhile, like you told me, there are other jobs."

"Okay, Telly, have it your way. You've earned that much. Are you drinking now?"

"There's nothing a drink could do for me anymore," I told him.

"You're going to be all right."

"Sure," I said.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN TEN MINUTES or ten hours later when I heard the knocking wall of the arena outside.

In a few minutes they would take over the apartment.

I tried to knuckle the weariness out of my eyes, and failed.

When the heavy feet stopped outside the door and the pounding began, I was glad, because in a little while they would be through with me. I wouldn't have to look again at the bloody tomb that had once been Joyce's home... or at Joyce.

The knocking grew louder, impatient sounding. I pulled my eyes away from the door. Joyce of the girl I had loved — huddled so still against the wall — for the last time.

"Open up in there, Telly!" said a muffled voice, and someone began to rattle the knob.

Crossing the screen, I picked up the feeble beach newspaper. I read the total scores. Joyce of the girl I had loved — 75, Steve, 77.

The poor bastard, I thought, glancing at his body lying at my feet like a bundle of rags.

He couldn't even win at his own game.



"Actually, I was pregnant before they sent you up for that two year stretch, dear, but I thought it would be nice if I waited until you got out before I had the baby!"

was Rhineland. I remembered his voice.

"You made love to my wife. You made love to the girl I love — Joyce. Now I'm gonna kill you!"

"Rhineland?" I said, still staring at Joyce, who wore a marauder's piety of a smile, "make it easy. It was a weak line, but I felt weak myself — with fear and disgust."

"I killed April. Not Joyce. She's only saying that because she loves me!" There was something awful in the statement. It left from him like a war — softly, painfully.

"You idiot!" Joyce snarled. "How could anyone love you? I loved you only because it might get me April's money!"

She advanced a few steps, looked up at me. "I'm afraid it's all over now, so it won't hurt to say it. If I ever loved anyone, Big Boy, it was you. But that doesn't matter now, the golfer here's going to kill you because you stole his wife — he thinks."

She flicked a glance toward the

all stone. I was kind of gone on you. I was mad as hell I was going to make a score.

"I stood outside the Whiskey A-Go-Go and watched you both stagger out just before it closed. I was that sailor, Graham, follow you to her car. I followed all of you. He looked in the car and saw you two boobs necking and took off. I looked in at you. You were both pissed out. I pulled her stocking off and strangled her with it. I drove you home in your car. I stole your car keys back in your pocket, and headed you into the lobby of your hotel."

Rhineland stood before me, angling all over. Aloud. The hand that held the gun was firm. Joyce's voice was growing ragged, hoarse.

"Now the bitch was dead." There was triumph in her voice. "And Stewart had the money. My money! When you went to see Graham, I read there ahead of you. You just missed me, darling. I stabbed him to hang the frame a little higher on you and so keep him from blabbing



# INSIDIOUS PLOT, from page 70

occurring, and a male minus a range of golf sticks (waterhole blue, fairway green, sand-trap tan) ought to feel like a sartorial duffer. Men are encouraged to look for the "eiderdown" shown in the fabric of their Bermuda shorts and to note that these days a rangers jacket is getting sturdy competition from a hawk sports coat.

By putting the "total" feel of sporting color into his clothes, explains one sportswear company president, the backyard lounge will have a comfortable sense of "belonging." This is why designers are using the sailor's traditional colors of dark blue and white in matching or contrasting shirts and swim trunks meant for sitting and lounging on the beach. "You feel you are participating," he says. "Such colors give that delicate salty touch."

Evolution out of the Edwardian Look, gush the liping knights of the needle, is the beginning of an "exciting" new men's fashion called the Military Air. The style of the jacket being ordered by all fashionable men-about-towns has "a natural shoulder line, a fitting waist, a vent at the back, and is roomy 'round the hips."

In some cases the single-breasted version conforms with a soldier's tunic to the extent of "slicing" four buttons at the front as opposed to the usual two or three. But—your fashion friends will be intrigued to learn—where three buttons are still used, the jacket is cut so that the top two fasten instead of only the center as hitherto. Sleeves have turned-back cuffs. Trousers are "calf and thigh-bagging and often affect the raised side seam to give the appearance of a stripe."

The currently popular British bowler hat is recommended, perfectly reflecting the influence of the helmet in the Military Air look. But the Tyrolean hat is back too, in soft velours or felt, the most flattering being in "hyacinth blue."

Cuff-links are larger and glitter splendidly with jewels. Shoes are mostly slip-on black ankletop trimmed with black satin buckle and edging. Squat-toed shoes are "provocative" for evenings.

AND GET THIS—some fugitive from a harem is trying to sell us what he calls "You're next to my heart" jackets. These have the trailing profile of a girl shaped into their big lapels, but face on the right and her long hair on the left, with the features outlined in fine saddle-stitch. "A single caricature hip-pocket adds the finishing touch," coos the designer.

As for overcoats, fur is the coming thing, we are told. A man is less than a boy if he doesn't own a reversible charcoal-grey woolen coat lined in black Persian lamb. Or a sealskin overcoat in strong brown, built on trench-coat lines and lined with contrasting white silk.

The only concession to masculinity is that the fluffiest-looking of these men's fur coats have an extra bit of full to recommend them—"wool" fur on the collar.

But the most elegant man's town coat, according to the fashion arbiter of one of the top magazines for men (Y) is derived from the old British Military Warm. Shoulders are of "mod-

erate width," waist shaped, bottom flared, sleeves tapered. Both tall and short men can wear it—honest—"because the shoulder and lapel dimensions suit a tall man and the distance from the bottom of the coat to the floor creates an illusion of height for a short man. . . . If an umbrella is needed, it should be trim. . . . We suggest grey mocha gloves and a tapered-crown bonnet or a Delta-type hat. (In either case wear it with a slight tilt.)"

As if such feminine-inspired nightmares are not enough to drive men in droves to the pool halls and bars where they can barricade the doors and windows, the Bold but Colorful designers are also talking enthusiastically about a cellulose substance now being perfected. It will enable men's suits to be tailored merely by pouring the substance over a form on the body. There will be no further trial fittings or alterations. After the substance is poured it will be allowed to cool so that it will reveal a pattern which fits the man's contours.

A "fashion expert" disclosed this shattering development at a recent convention of the International Association of Garment Manufacturers. Instead of grabbing the expert, and without further trial fittings and alterations, pouring him into a strain-jacket, the delegates merely sat in a mass trance while he spoke, and they



even cheered when he finished.

Which is just some additional proof to the effect that men's clothiers don't know when to let well enough alone. They dreamed up the latest shambles in men's fashions because they figured that men were not buying clothes because they didn't like them, but the plain fact is that men are more interested in other things—like wifing women and eating.

So clothes designers, many of them with unbalanced hormones, decided this was the opportune time to go hog wild, under the odd misapprehension that our sales resistance will wilt under a hot barrage of feminized men's fashions. Not since the palmy days, they allege, "when men wore silks and satins, bright colors and linens have they had really bold clothes. They have allowed themselves to be regimented into ugly, uncomfortable garments which irk and annoy them, and it is time something was done about it."

What they have done was summed up by a noted scion of Savile Row, London, who hit the front pages of the tabloids with the serious but observant remark that "if one of the latest men's suits is really well tailored, he can't even sit down in it without undoing his zipper."

THE BOLD BUT COLORFUL backers are hoping that the new men's styles will sweep the country and boost the tailoring trade's coffers by a billion dollars, but I am writing to wager one good sack suit that such limp-wristed creations will not influence real men's fashions by so much as a bumblebee. They may be fief for a minority of so-called sophisticates who like to admire each other's garb and gush such remarks as "Dear boy, how I do envy you your emerald-lined pink Bermuda shorts with the thigh-contoured seams," but for a guy who is unquestionably of the masculine gender they're strictly for milady's boudoir.

One of the greatest and most sensible authorities on men's styles, Mr. James Lawer, who is Keeper of Prints at the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, once said: "The only new clothes possible for men are sports clothes. Men's clothes now reflect not the attractiveness of their wearers as men, but their stolidity as citizens."

The point is, we men have been evolving our present style of dress for a very long time and we like it. While women have been letting their skirts down and pulling them up, peddling their bare and their hips, dropping their shoulder- straps, accentuating their derrières, pinching their waistsides, plunging their necklines, piling up their hair, and getting nowhere, we have steadily been making small improvements as that is really the only sensible and permanently becoming form of swathing for the noble male frame.

First women tried swiping our styles—witness the suit and slacks—and now, with the willing connivance of the garment manufacturers, they are making futile attempts to make us share their dreary old dress.

Somebody who had nothing better to do recently ascertained that women buy three out of four pairs of men's socks sold, eighty-five per cent of all underwear, and altogether two many shirts, ties, and slacks. Taking advantage of this condition, manufacturers are frankly airing their rainbow-hued darts of design and color at the women, who are also inveterate kibitzers in the men's suit department.

FAIR BE IT FROM US to throw sand in the wheels of progress, but neither should we encourage belief that those wheels be lubricated exclusively with banana oil. When men of their own free will begin impersonating Birds of Paradise, I suppose we shall string along with the mob. But in the meantime we might have more respect for the freedom of the press if we didn't find it cluttered up with items like, "Designers are experimenting with an exciting new men's opera cape of midnight blue, lined with vivid red silk and edged with mink."

The foregoing momentous announcement was made at a recent meeting of the International Clothing Designers Association at Rochester, New York, and in welcoming the delegates the Chairman said something we all ought to recall next time we read about the Bold but Colorful Look in men's clothes.

"You have to give the men," he said, "a darn good reason for buying new clothes every year. You sure do, Mr. Chairman—and it had better be good!"



# KNIGHT'S GAMBIT



"I know she isn't old enough... she's my daughter!"

## AN AIRY PIECE

Then there's the one about the drunk, staggering through a park and running across an athletic individual doing push-ups.

"Shay, buddy," the drunk pointed out, "I hate to tell you this, but your girl is gone."

\*\*\*

## WE HOPE NOT!

A man, caught at the height of his cups, rushed into a bar and accented the bartender with tears in his eyes.

"See," he cried, "I've just done a terrible thing!"

The bartender, by now used to sad tales, placed a hand on the drunk's shoulder and smiled placatingly. "Now you just take it easy, Ernie, and tell me all about it."

"It's terrible!" moaned the drunk, shuddering. "I just cut off my jenny."

"You what?"

"Cut off my jenny," the drunk repeated. "Look here," he fumbled in his coat pocket and produced a long, dark object. "See?"

"Aww, come off it, Ernie, that's just a cigar."

"It is?" He peered intently at it for a moment, then fished in his pocket and produced another object. "Here it is, see?"

"That's another cigar."

Ernie patted the rest of his pockets, searching hopelessly. Then a look of pure horror came over his face.

"God!" he exclaimed, crying anew. "You don't suppose that I smoked the damn thing, do you?"

\*\*\*

## FOR ARTISTS

A tragic music lover is the prett that will put an ear to a key-hole when he hears a woman singing in the bathtub.

\*\*\*

## FAST ANSWER

"Who," raged the adamant boss at his lazing secretary, "told you that you could lay around and eat apples all day?"

"My attorney."

\*\*\*




"Now, here's a handy little item for a girl in your profession—it's a combination garter and money belt."



"OK—we'll try the rhytmos method... Ellington or Benny Goodman?"





It was no ordinary shipboard romance.  
Her bull of a husband was along for the ride.  
Yet Allen knew he had to have her

# The Dip

**WORK TOO HARD** for too long with no break and you go stale, lose your touch. Then you're always in a gray fog and it's not worth it even to get out of bed in the morning. That's when you owe yourself a long rest, like a sea voyage, and that was why I was on this liner, leaning against the promenade deck's aft rail the second night out, watching the white cream of the wake spiral away behind the ship in the yellow shine of the stern running-light and trying to make my mind an absolute blank. I was succeeding, too, until there came the tap of high heels on the planks and the woman joined me, or at least claimed the section of rail ten feet away. Even in the dark, I recognized her immediately—the girl with the dull-gold hair, the very white skin, the

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by Richard Meade









# THE NEW MAN —





# UNDERWATER

Man's conquest of the deep has only just begun, but already he has entered a reverse evolution to emerge as a true sea-creature



by Jacques-Yves Cousteau



**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Jacques-Yves Cousteau is acknowledged the world over as the founder of modern underwater exploration and experiment. He is the Director of the Océanographie Institute and Museum in Monaco and President of the World Underwater Federation. He produced the U.S. Academy Award and Cannes Festival Award film *"The Silent World"* and another Academy Award winner, *"World Without Sun"* in 1965. He has received many international honors for his pioneering as an explorer and scientist.

PRIMITIVE MAN greatly feared the watery medium of the earth—the oceans. The surface was always agitated, the water was generally cold, and people died when they were obliged to stay in it for more than a couple of days. The pressure, of course, was a tremendous obstacle in itself. And fishermen, who were living on the sea, dreamed of monsters, of horrors emerging from the sea, of nightmares in this hostile environment.

This was the contrast between the appealing dreams of the stars and the recurrent visions of this horrible medium which they sought at first to ignore. For they couldn't guess that most of the monsters they feared were in reality just aerial animals, following their own ways and fighting to survive. They couldn't guess that under the hostile surface there were marvels to be discovered and to be admired.

A verse from Ovid's *Metamorphoses* says, "God elevated man's forehead and ordered him to contemplate the stars." It was a reference to the evolution of man from four-legged animal to upright human, now standing on two legs and able to gaze towards the heavens. And when he looked up he beheld the stars. This explains the fascination for cosmic travel. Nevertheless, efforts were made for a long time to do the impossible and penetrate the hostile, watery world.

Now, today, we can classify the various stages or periods of departure along the way in man's long-sought conquest of the sea. We can find



five departures in all. The first departure was the naked diver whose story is so very old. We find tablets from Sumer telling the fantastic story of Gilgamesh, the hero of 2,500 years before Christ, who, according to legend, went down into the sea to find the herb of eternal life. He found it, brought it back, then fell exhausted by his dive into a deep sleep. But someone stole it from him as he slept, so his efforts were all in vain.

After Gilgamesh the pearl divers and some military divers of ancient history carried on, penetrating to make a hard living in the sea. And now their successors are the countless spearfishermen throughout the world. This departure, the man with no tools except for ham-

pie goggles or mask, is the essence of today's underwater sport. And it is an admirable, sample activity under water.

There was need from the beginning for deeper and longer stays, and this led to the second departure: the diver connected to surface ships by cable, lines, and pipes. In the same category fall the unprotected and the protected divers. The unprotected started with the first classic helmet, the Siebe helmet, and this was carried on by the industrial helmet divers—"hard hats," you say, *pieds lourds*, we in France say—using compressed air connected to the surface by air pipe.

Then efforts were made to use mixtures to go deeper and stay longer. The heroic Zetterstrom attempt with hydrogen, the fantastic dives of Bollard to 185 meters, and in recent time the amazing performance of Hannes Keller, belong to that departure.

Diving bells, too, fit here—from the most primitive to Edwin Link's most sophisticated chamber where, as you know, the diver stayed for a long time at an amazing depth, coming out of the chamber and returning to it to breathe. And Beebe's bathysphere belongs to this departure, too.

The first departure has lasted more than 3,500 years. The second one for only 100 years.

The third departure was the diver unconnected, but needing a surface ship or float. In this category I must cite the lung divers, the first pioneer in this field being Commander LaPrieux, and the bathyscaph of Auguste Piccard for the protected divers. It is only 40 years since the third departure began.

The fourth departure, which belongs to the present and the future, is the settlers on the ocean floor, independent of ships or floating bases, self-contained settlers who have left their homes and their duck and are conquering the bottom of the sea.

A very tried attempt has been made in this field. The initial try was made by Falco and Weisly who, in their wreck on the bottom of the

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# THE DIP, from page 83

viewed eyes and the cameo features, about twenty-four, starred to the big German at least fifteen years older. My table was one over from theirs in the dining room, and while the German stuffed herself with *potpourri* *frites*, I had feasted on the sight of her, with glands I'd forgotten I'd even owned, coming to life as I looked. Once or twice her gaze had met mine, then dropped demurely back to her food, that was the extent of our acquaintance.

Until now. I kept my eyes on her while pretending still to watch the film. She had breasts that weren't little, but not too big, either, and a clean, long stride and a go-to-head to her shoulders and head that told you she knew what a prize she was and challenged you to win it. She wore a gold and black short cocktail dress and had a light waist about her shoulders, the way one who is looked at and ruffled her hair, but she didn't seem to mind. Instead, her head went back—throat a smooth, beautiful curve. They call Arabian horses "drinkers of the wind" and that was what she seemed to be doing.

Alan Kirk—I thought, long since used to calling myself that—she *was* *just* only five days more; you've got no time to waste. But I didn't move at once, I waited to see if the German would pin her at the rail.

He didn't, though, and when it was time, I let a cigarette and crossed the ten feet between us boldly. "Wonderful night, isn't it?" I heard on the rail beside her and looked half at her and half at the wake. "Always heard a ship was the best way to go, but this is my first time. I usually fly."

"Oh, it beats a plane all hollow," she said promptly, as if he was already in the middle of a conversation. Her voice was husky and soft, with a touch of dew. She threw out her arms in a gesture. "The wind from the ocean, the night, the stars."

"Ah—"

"Why, you're an American."

She laughed softly, "From Atlanta, Georgia. Why not?"

"I just thought. Your husband's German."

"Oh, Will. We met in Frankfurt when my father was attached to the Embassy at Bonn."

"I see. By the way, I'm George Riegel."

"No, you're not," she said promptly. "You're Allen Kirk. Just because I've been living in Germany doesn't mean I haven't seen your pictures."

"Ouch," I said. "I hope you're the only one on the ship who's recognized me. I showed off my mistakes and left the hairpiece at home."

"I won't tell anybody, honestly," she laughed. "I'm Patricia Rutledge. I mean, Patricia Rutledge Schmidt. And that was not a Freudian slip."

"Of course not. You're bound for Germany?"

She nodded subtly. "Yes, we're going back. Will had to attend a meeting in New York, but at only lasted three days. Oh, it was so tiring! Not that I don't love Germany, but she's face it, it's not the U.S.A. Are you making a picture overseas, Mr. Kirk—I mean, Mr. Riegel?"

"Riegel's my real name, incidentally. No, I'm just paid. I've made two pictures in the last twelve months and that's a lot of work. Somebody told me first class on a good ship was the best vacation, and I'm beginning to believe them now. If I can keep the autograph books off for a few more days, I'll spend a few days in London, a little while in Paris, and then go back. See what it feels like to be myself again for a while instead of a damned enterprise or corporation."

"I'm sorry. I guess you think I'm an autograph hound?"

"No, no, I didn't mean you. Please."



"Are you sure the man at the license bureau said we had to practice for three days?"

She said nothing. After a second, I said, "And Will? Where is he now?"

Her laugh was a short, sharp bark. "In our stateroom. I guess he always likes to lie down after a big meal. And I never saw him eat a small one."

"And left you alone? On a night like this, with the ship and all? That's criminal. Well, we'll have our revenge. I'll buy you a drink."

She hesitated.

"Come on. I promise not to make any crack about autograph hounds again—that was very bad. And... anyhow, don't the advertisements say that everybody in first class is one big happy family?"

"She relaxed, laughing then, a sound that touched my spine with warm, caressing fingers. I'd been around phones for so long and she was so real. "That's very good. All right, Mr. Riegel, you can buy me a drink."

WE SAT OUT OF THE light in the bar

and I had bourbon and soda and she had several Ginevras. The alcohol didn't make her brittle, it made her glow with a warm, inner light that ennobled her beauty until, just looking at her, I could feel things inside me slopping over or hanging up. And we talked as if the world were coming to an end at daylight and we had to get it all said by then, old friends from the very first, the way it happens sometimes when you find that very, very rare person like her. It wasn't the whiskey, either, or the fact that she wasn't used by knowledge of who I was. But I found myself telling her stuff about when I was a kid on the lower East Side and how damned rough it was and what I had to do to stay alive. I didn't tell her all of it, but I told her more than anybody else knew, and she listened as if it meant something to her. Before we knew it, the bar was closing, we took another turn around

fair and delicate in a cardigan sweater and white pleated skirt. With like a tank or bulldozer alongside her, a great, gross block of a man with hair worn too long by American standards and a face coarse and scarred. The way he held her arm showed pride of possession, but not necessarily love. He was, I guessed, the product of the new Germany I had read about in the news magazines, the self-made industrialist, the new money.

They came toward me and Pat spoke first. "Good morning, George. I like to meet you very much. Will, this is the Mr. Riegel I told you about."

"Delighted, Mr. Riegel," said Will in excellent English. His smile showed a hint of gold but it didn't extend to his eyes. "I'm indebted to you for entertaining my wife last night. I'm afraid I'm not always good company for her, when the old dry horse and the young how-do-you-say-it—though are harassed together, the old horse always wears fine."

"Oh, Will," Pat said, in a weary tone.

"The pleasure was all mine," I said. I got up and we leaned on the rail and talked as if all three of us were old friends. Will, it seemed, was managing director of the European division of an American electronics firm. He had no inkling of who I was, and I had to invent a fictitious business background to throw him off the track.

The sudden boom of a shotgun kept me from having to get in too deep. Will went ast, panted over the rail, and returned grinning. "Aah, so they are trap-shooting off the stern. Do you shoot, Mr. Riegel?"

"I don't think so."

"Oh, it is simple, you should try it. It's a hobby of mine. Come, you will find it enjoyable."

I tried to protest, but he took my arm and escorted I accompany him to the main promenade. There a small screen was set up to protect bystanders while a steward threw clay pigeons from a contraption on the rail and the marksmen inside the screen tried to break them. The present occupant of the screen wasn't having much luck, and each time a pigeon hurried out and fell unbroken into the sea. Pat, with a small smile, a small little smile.

Then, whether I wanted to or not, it was my turn and I paid the steward two dollars and entered the screen, where another steward thrust an automatic shotgun into my hands. I'd never even held one before, and of course I missed me out of ten. When I reloaded, my face was burning, I knew that at each man Will must have cracked that little smile.

But he was full of sympathy. "Don't feel badly. It's very difficult to shoot from a rolling deck. I shall probably do so better." He went behind the screen. In a moment he called



ed "Puff," a pigeon sailed out, and he broke it into powder. "Puff!" he yelled again and broke the second one, too.

"He's a good shot," I said.

"Yes." Pat was beside me and the odd tone of her voice made me look at her. Now it was in the open, disgust and contempt, loathing, all over her face. I felt a wild, quick excitement, and I knew it was up to me somehow to rescue her from him.

"Puff!" Willi yelled and broke the fourth pigeon.

"Pat..." I said.

Her eyes met mine. In a low, urgent voice, she said hurriedly, "Ask the chair steward to send you an ashtray. There's a vacancy."

"Will your husband go for that?"

"Now that he's best you shooting, it won't mind."

"Then I'm glad he beat me." I took her hand and squeezed it quickly and let go of it again and she gave me a shy, bitter, living smile that set it afloat, and Willi broke the last pigeon and strutted out, chest swollen.

"I had good luck," he said.

"You're a good shot."

He just grinned.

After that, much against my will, we became a threesome. Whatever he was, Willi was no fool, and though he seemed pleased when I asked them at their table, he didn't let Pat out of his sight for a second during the four days that followed. Neither did I, so Willi and I became my close, and I grew to hate him with a really first-class, genuine, unmitigated loathing and to feel more and more concerned over the plight of the woman married to him.

Besides, he almost killed me with the pace he set. He insisted on filling my moment of the day with some sort of activity, as if it were a sufficient waste of passage money not to use everything the ship provided, whether he enjoyed it or not. Together the three of us swam, played shuffleboard, ping-pong, cards, and God knows what else. Except for the shooting, Willi was not good at anything. He had no grace, only great strength and furious energy and a total lack of self-consciousness. I slowly went mad with the knowledge that time was slipping away, with Pat so near and yet so inaccessible. Only occasionally could we steal a hapless moment alone for our hands to touch, or for a quick kiss, then that damnable Willi came bounding back on the scene, having discovered a new diversion that would require our participation. I knew his torturing of us was deliberate; he enjoyed it more than he would have just fondling his wife to come near me.

And then suddenly, it was our last day out; tomorrow we landed at Southampton. Willi, it seemed, had to stop over in London briefly, too, before going on to Frankfurt.

There was a tea dance in the

lounge the afternoon of the last day and Pat and I gratefully yielded to Willi's insistence that we attend. I had two dances with her. "I can't stand this any longer," I told her desperately. Her body was maddeningly tantalizing, brushing, pressing against mine, but we could both feel Willi's eyes on us from the sidelines. "I'm going crazy, time's running out, we've got to do something."

"I know," she whispered. She was silent for a moment. Then, "Order champagne, *skrr*, from the sommelier tonight. Willi loves it but he's too cheap to buy it for himself and it always gives him an appetite. Maybe he'll stuff himself enough so he'll go back to the stateroom for a while."

"I'll buy him a damned bottleload of the stuff," I said grimly, and then the number was over and there was nothing to do but take her back to her husband.

It seemed a fantastic way to arrange a tryst, but it worked. Willi gauded champagne as if it were beer, and he ate enormously, with stabbing motions of clenched knife and fork, cheeks always full, mouth- corners dribbling when he talked. I'd never seen a man eat like that, and when the dessert was gone, he belched behind his napkin and shook his head dazedly.

"Let's take a turn on deck," Pat said to him. "I'll settle our dinner."

He shaved back his chair, "dibb," he said gutturally, and he shook his head. "No. We return to the stateroom."

Pat's face was white. "I need to walk," she insisted. "You go on to the stateroom. I'm going up on deck."

He started to protest, but a belch interrupted it. Then, a little unsteadily, he shrugged. "The food," he said thickly. "No more excellent on this ship. I shall hate to leave it. But it does tempt one to overeat. All right, have your walk, but don't be long. Good night, George."

"Good night, Willi," I said. The three of us left the dining room together, and outside its stained glass doors our paths parted. Willi slumped off down the corridor as Pat and I headed for the lift.

"Now what?" she said tersely.

"Trust me," I said. We rode up one floor to the deck on which I had a stateroom and got off and, holding her hand, I led her hastily down the corridor. The cabin steward wasn't visible anywhere, so I didn't even have to bribe him into silence. Pat stood by wordlessly as with haste I unlocked my stateroom door; then I pushed her inside, followed, shut the door and turned the key in the lock, leaving it there.

"Now," I said, and I took her in my arms and kissed her the way I'd been wanting to all along and she kissed me back the same way and didn't try to stop my hands. We were

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# THE DIP, from page 87

hungry for each other and the kids lasted a long time. When we parted, I said, "Dammit, I love you."

"I love you, too. Oh, I do. But—"

"We've got to do something."

"Please. Let's don't talk about it now. Please. We've got so little time."

"All right," I said. "We won't talk."

"Now," she whispered, and her face was pale. "Please. Turn your back."

"What?"

"I—I want you to see me all at once."

Then I understood. I turned my back and shrugged out of the dinner jacket and began to unhook the tie. Behind me I was acutely aware of the sensual whisper of their fabric being peeled away, that wholly fantastic sound, and the perfume of her seemed to fill the stateroom. It was an ecstasy before she said, humbly, "Now. Now, darling, you can turn around."

I did. She was as much as I had hoped for and more. Her skin was five velvet under my touch as she came to me. I pulled her down on the bed, feeling a hand for only a moment to flick off the light. During the next few minutes, the ship could have sunk and neither of us would have known it.

Until the floodlights went off.

I sat up, blinded, groping for the light. I couldn't find it immediately.

"What the hell?" I was too groggy to recognize where the glaring explosion had come from, but then it came again, just as I hit the light switch, and Patricia gave a stifled little scream and I was looking at Will standing there with a Polaroid camera in his hand and a grin of triumph on his face.

"Ach, so," he said, in a voice that would have split boulders into gravel.

Pat crossed her arms over her breasts. "Oh, so," she murmured, as if it were the world's end. "Oh, so."

"Oh, yes," Will said. While we sat dazed on the edge of the bed, he opened the camera and pulled out the print. Before I realized it, he had closed the camera and taken another exposure of the two of us sitting there. He sat there, maybe I should have guessed him there, but a naked man never feels the equal of a clothed one and I sat frozen and indecisive.

Then Will walked to the bed, seized Pat's arm, yanked her up and threw her into a corner of the room like a bundle of soiled laundry. He faced me squarely, mouth twisted and ugly. "Of course," he said in a contemptuous voice. "The two smart Americans feeling the dumb, stupid German husband." He stripped the third shot from the camera; I could see that it was a good one. "But who feels when now?"

I stood up, sliding into my pants. My eyes went from Will, with the

three pictures in his hand, to Pat huddled in the corner and then to the key in the door. All at once I knew, and I felt something crumple inside me; for a moment I was physically sick. I no longer loathed Will; now, I hated myself for being such an easy mark.

"All right," I said. "How much do you want for the pictures?"

"Do you think my wife's humor is for sale?" His voice was mocking.

"Look," I said. "I looked through that door. She unlocked it when she asked me to turn my back. Okay, it's the old badger game and I was sucker enough to fall for it. I'm vulnerable. I can't afford to have anything happen to my career. How much for the pictures?"

Pat, arms still shielding naked

Kirk. The five hundred now. The two thousand tomorrow. Ten thousand more in London. Then you shall have the pictures. Otherwise—well, the English tabloids adore stories like this."

After a long moment, I shrugged. "What the hell. You've got me, I guess." I took out my wallet and passed him the five hundred. He tucked the camera under his arm, extracted from the inside pocket of his coat a long, thick wad of the type in which Europeans carry identification papers, opened it, grinning, counted the money as he put it in, and dropped the photographs into it with the cash. Then he closed it, put it back, and straightened.

"Kirk, sir, Mr. Kirk. I think you should consider the price of the les-

son you've learned tonight very cheap indeed."

I looked at Pat. She turned her face away, head down. "Yeah," I said. "I've learned a lot." With a savage gesture I kicked up her clothes in a fluffy, wadded bundle and rammed them hard into Will's startled arms, using enough force to rock him backward. "Take these and make his dog 'em. Get a good mudder every minute and I may decide to clothe you."

He pushed me away roughly and with great strength, whirling me around. "I wouldn't advise that," he growled. He threw the clothes at Pat. Coldly, we both watched him drop. Once she raised her head and looked at me with despairing eyes, but I coolly, deliberately, shifted my

eyes away from her body.

When she was fully clad, With took her arm. "Come, my dear, it has been a successful voyage. We'll sleep soundly tonight with the knowledge of a job well done. Auf Wiedersehen, Mr. Kirk—until nine tomorrow with the travelers' checks at the patron's office, sir."

Not answering, I just stood there until the door had closed behind me. Then I looked it again, dressed quickly, and when I was sure they'd had time to make their stateroom, I left the room and went up to the promenade deck. It was totally deserted at this time of night, the sea making sounds like a restless giant unable to get settled in a monstrous bed I went to the stern, and in the reflection of the racing light from the wake, I took Will's wallet from my pocket and examined its contents. In addition to the pictures and my five hundred, there was seven hundred of his own, plus a block of traveler's checks. But the real stroke of luck was that it contained both passports.

I grinned, and in no great hurry I put all the money in my own pocket, shredded the pictures and threw them overboard and then, then by then, let the other contents of the wallet flutter for a moment in the wind and then settle into the foaming water.

I saved the passports until last and took a particular pleasure in seeing Will's disappear in the waves.

I was feeling very good as I went back to my own cabin, not only because I was out of the men and had my revenge, but because I hadn't lost any of the skill I'd learned since I was a kid in New York, working the subway and race tracks and the crowds in Times Square; that seemed another world now, but my fingers had still known their business under that pile of clothes I'd pressed on Will. It was just like old Flanagan, who had made me practice endlessly from the age of fourteen until I was sixteen, always said—once you really learned to pick pockets the right way, it was like swimming or riding a bicycle, no matter how long you laid off, you could always do it when you had to.

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**UNDERWATER**, from page 85  
 sea, became changed in personality. And that is an interesting angle.

We followed that effort by building houses at several depths for more men to live in as they carry on submarine jobs. This village is placed lower and deeper each year as research expands and experiments succeed. In the near future, bases will be erected which will have within them small nuclear plants to give energy and to enable the settlers to extract the very necessary gases from the sea water and thereby be absolutely unconnected to any land or floating base. The prospect is for such an achievement by the mid-1970's. They will first be made by industry because of the enormous cost which only industrialists could afford. But it will save them many millions.

The fifth departure, that of the future, is one which even today keeps us completely connected with space research. That new departure yet to come is the development of the new man—*homo aquaticus*—by surgical means. When and if this is done, the *homo aquaticus* will be able to resist pressures down to 1,500 metres, and will be able to move from the surface to this great depth mechanically or freely, then return to the surface just as quickly with no decompression problem at all.

To do this, we will have to fill our lungs with incompressible liquid, a step already taken experimentally with lower animals. Then a whole new generation of man will be born, perhaps even in underwater hospitals where, upon birth, it will be operated on in much the manner of current space experiments. Great progress has already been made in space research, the taking of blood, for example, from beneath the left arm and circulating it through a regenerating canister on the belt. Such developments portend a space man—and later, perhaps, an underwater man—who will be free from the bonds imposed by respiration in the usual sense.

But this new species of man will not be confined to underwater. After surgery, he will be perfectly able to walk on land, still with the regenerating cartridge, changing it from time to time. The new man will be equally at home skiing on an Alpine slope or swimming in a submarine canyon. And never less for volunteers. We have already seen that volunteers can be found for any purpose!

This birth of a new man is in the line of nature. We have examples of it. We have evidence which leads us to believe that sea mammals which have returned to the sea, the seal for ex-

ample, have probably been either dogs or close cousins to dogs. There is a certain mystery as to what ancestor the porpoises have, but we do know they were land mammals who returned to the sea.

I felt this very strongly the first time I went to observe Falco and Wesly during their first sojourn of a week beneath the sea. I recall briefly that they had a shelter in 10 metres of water, and that they were working five hours a day in 25 metres. On the third day, for their night dive at 11 P.M., I went down from the surface and witnessed their operations.

We had erected and laid lamps along an avenue which we called *Avenue des Olives*, leading from the house at 10 metres to the work area 15 metres below it. Photographers had accompanied the pair and for fifteen or twenty minutes they were busy taking pictures of Falco and Wesly. Then, having exhausted the air in their tanks, they returned to the surface.

I had used very little air, so I could stay another ten or fifteen minutes and I followed them, as yet unseen in the darkness outside the light of their lamps. They didn't know I was there.

I stayed beside them in the total darkness and looked at those two dark shapes with their light sources penetrating the blackness. They went their own way, exploring, looking at fish, touching them because they could, in the beam of light, fascinate them and take them by hand. They were witnessing and experiencing a number of things which I had never seen myself. Then, just for a moment, I entered the beam of their light and they just looked at me and went away, taking no notice of my presence.



When I moved aside into the blackness again I was invaded by a vast sadness. I had the impression that I no longer belonged to the same team. Wesly and Falco had taken on another mentality, they were at home there, they were actually doing their work with no reference to the surface. They could stay and I had to go back. This was not my business any longer.

It is this strong impression, which I cannot describe appropriately, that makes me believe firmly in the future of the man of the sea. In the face of such a radical revolution, the frame of administration, of social life, of intellectual conventions, explodes. Our language itself explodes.

When we want to describe an object we take a land word and put "sea" in front of it. We speak of sea lambs, sea cows, sea wolves, and we fail to give names to real objects of the sea. Fish are butterfly fish, angler fish, moon fish; that is all we are able to find. Our lack of imagination is striking. In the international conferences discussing the properties of the bottom of the sea, the lawyers who are talking talk nonsense. They don't know what they are talking about. They are crippled. They are foreigners. They are strangers to this medium.

In the future, techniques will improve and progress, as always. But beyond that is something else. In past civilizations, techniques and industry were seemingly indispensable, yet they have left practically no trace. They have only made civilization possible; and what has come down to us are the objects of art, poetry, literature, philosophy.

I am convinced the main goal for the future of underwater exploration is not the discovery of new resources, but the discovery of inspiration. And, of course, we need better submarines, better lungs, we need better filling materials, but above all, we need scientists to understand, and poets, painters, architects, and philosophers to express it.

We need a thousand new words which have to be forged by imaginative people. We need to reform our way of thinking about the sea. We need to return to the sea. ☺







Novelty of background was one of the major ingredients sought by producer Carter DeHaven in his new motion picture *Eli Kutch*—the portrayal of a modern-day brigand and ne'er-do-well (played by James Coburn) who spins his life of "fast" misadventure around his ability to change character-tricks and seduce women.

A portion of this "novelty of background," and certainly the most colorful, was a scene to be built around the mysterious intricacies and intrigue of a Middle Eastern cafe—complete with a provocative belly-dancer.

In their quest for realism, for perfection of scenic-background it is only natural that the producers and directors of *Eli Kutch* would select Tanya Lemani for the role of the belly-dancer in the "cafe scene." Tanya Lemani (yes, that's her real name) is to belly-dancing what Picasso is to painting—an absorbed student, and artist. She brings a feeling of subtle grace and movement to the "pelvic-art"—an art that has long been falsely associated with bump-and-grind of everyday strapping. And anybody that doubts Tanya's perfection at abdominal movement can quickly find the truth by seeing the movie. Or, better yet, catch her act at Hollywood's Greek Village. She's live there. ☺

## NEW ART OF THE NAVEL



NEW COLUMBIA MOTION PICTURE REVIEWS THE FINE ART OF BELLY-DANCING...







British author BRIAN ALDISSE spins an intriguing tale of the future about an exotic concubine known as LAMBETH BLOSSOM (p. 10). DARRIN SCOT probes at the Yankee Eve under a literary microscope as he takes A NAKED LOOK AT THE AMERICAN FEMALE (p. 8). Nobel Prize-winning novelist JOHN STEINBECK casts a spell of horror-fantasy in THE AFFAIR AT 7 RUE DE M-- (p. 26). The creeping feminization of male duds is analyzed in THE INSIDIOUS PLOT AGAINST MEN'S CLOTHES (p. 70). Former actor ALLAN NIXON makes his KNIGHT debut with a virile bit of fiction, THE NIGHT IS FOR RUNNING (p. 58). Famous oceanographer JACQUES-YVES COUSTEAU discusses an emerging unique breed of human, THE NEW MAN—

UNDERWATER (p. 84). Long-time KNIGHT favorite tale-spinner, HARLAN ELLISON, explores a new dimension in DELUSION FOR A DRAGON SLAYER (p. 50). All this, plus such beautiful nudes as LEIGH SANDS, NINA BRAUN, ANN BENANT, APRIL O'BRIEN and BETTY MAES.

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